

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A THRONE FOR HENRY PU

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Seven

UNHAPPY ERIN HER FOREIGN TRADE CUT IN TWO

The Ruin of the Large and
Small Farmers

MR DE VALERA'S ANTICS

It must by now be dawning on the humblest intelligence in the Irish Free State that the Government of Mr De Valera is leading that country into a position as disastrous as Ireland has ever known.

In his efforts to humiliate his opponents and to wreak vengeance upon this country Mr De Valera has succeeded in impoverishing thousands of his own supporters. Before very long the whole population of Southern Ireland will be affected. Ireland has known what poverty means in the past, but it has generally had a certain amount of agricultural prosperity.

A Dismal Failure

Now, apart from the personal quarrel between Mr De Valera and the United Ireland Party, and apart from the quarrel about the colour of General O'Duffy's shirt, the Economic War has brought disaster to the large farmers who have never been supporters of Mr De Valera, as well as to the small peasant proprietors he counts among his followers.

His attempt to find markets in Europe to replace Ireland's natural market in this island has dismally failed. It is true that the Irish have been buying goods from European countries, but these countries have not bought Irish goods. Last year Ireland bought about £432,000 worth from Czechoslovakia, whose purchases from Ireland did not amount to £200, and £230,000 worth of goods from Russia, which did not buy a pennyworth in exchange.

Southern Ireland's adverse balance of trade has increased enormously. If we compare her external trade for the year before Mr De Valera took office we find that it has practically halved; in November 1930 it was £103,000,000; in November 1933 it was only £55,000,000.

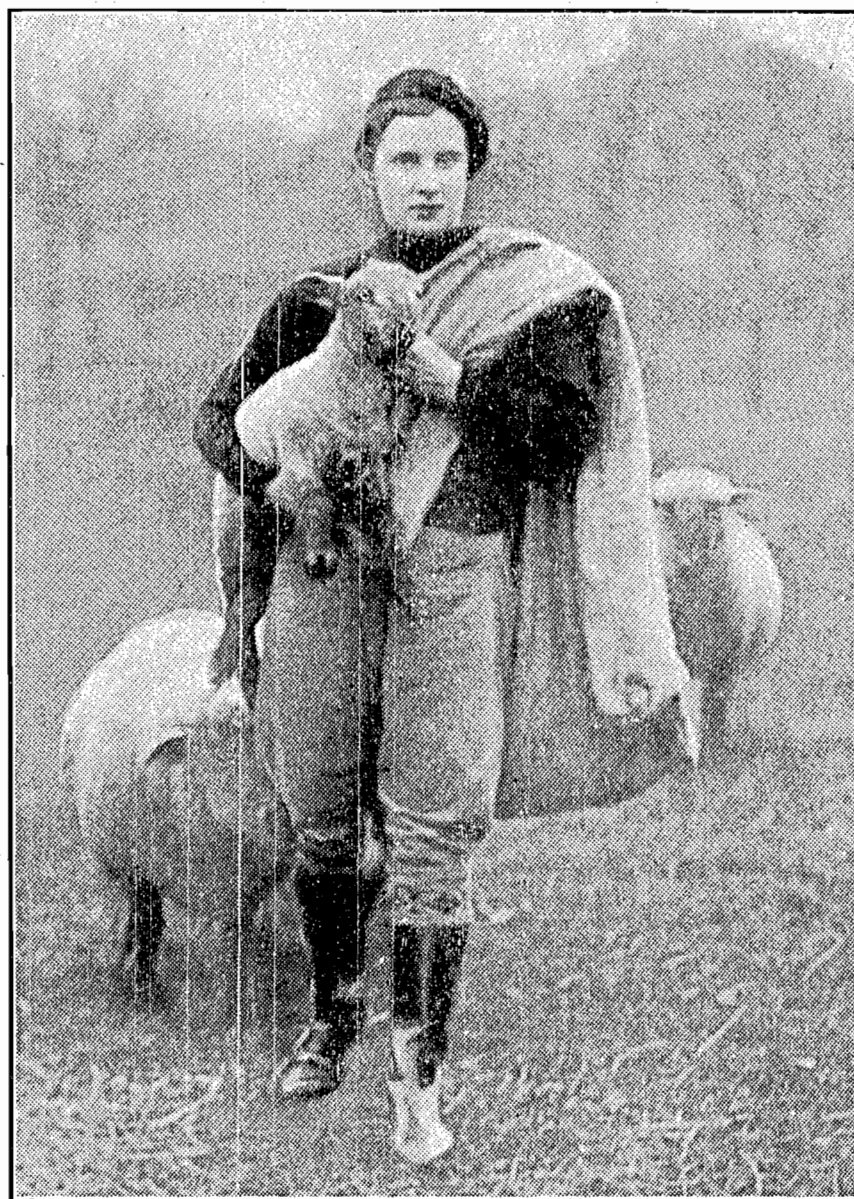
Unpaid Rates

Bankruptcy faces the county councils; thousands of farmers cannot pay their rates, and in consequence there is no money for the relief of the poor. The poor man's cattle remain unsold and remind him every day of his unhappy future.

Speaking at Wexford at the beginning of this year General O'Duffy pointed out that Mr De Valera was transforming the population into a servile and hopeless community. In graphic phrase he declared that if these antics were continued they would have one-third of the Irish people in gaol, one-third in asylums, and one-third in the poorhouse.

And yet Mr De Valera continues to boast and to brag, branding as traitors all who dare oppose him.

A New Arrival



One of the lambs born this month on a Kent farm soon found a good friend.

THE LITTLE MAID'S STORY

Our Town Girl (who sends her greeting to all C.N. correspondents who have sent her their sympathy) sends us this note from her sickroom.

SOMETIMES Agnes (as we will call her) talks a little too much when she dusts the room, and sometimes voices tire us because we are foolishly having an illness, and we wish she would not exercise her tongue as much as she does her swift and capable hands.

We have tried leaning back and looking limp and unlistening, but even that does not always discourage Agnes, and her rather small conversation continues.

Suddenly the other day, however, we were pulled up short, so to speak, by something she was saying. It was about her father, and when she had finished we looked at her with new eyes and prayed not to mind her babbling, for Agnes is the daughter of a hero.

Twenty years ago, in one of the greatest Welsh mine disasters that have ever occurred, in which every man lost

his life (only a boy escaping), Agnes's father perished, and this is what happened before he died.

Down in that place of terror the men knew they were doomed unless help came almost immediately. Today things are different and water is easier to obtain in mines, but then there were only a few buckets of it here and there. The one chance after a great explosion, or when gas was filling the place, was to keep the mouth and nose wet until help arrived. But what was so little water among so many men?

The miners crowded about the buckets and damped their faces, but Agnes's gallant father refused to touch any. "I am feeling all right, boys; you keep at it," he said; and suddenly (so the boy survivor told) he sank down and slipped peacefully away, as presently did the others.

Now, when this great hero's daughter dusts our room, for his gallant sake we are proud.

WIRELESS CALLING ACROSS RAGING SEAS AND ARCTIC WASTES

The Russian Child Wintering
in the Long Polar Night

HEROES IN A LIGHTHOUSE

Wireless has eased the anxiety of many people doomed to isolation, and a remarkable instance has occurred in a lonely lighthouse perched on a rock in the Atlantic, 15 miles from the island of Mull.

Winter storms prevented the three keepers from receiving their fortnightly relief call. During an unsuccessful attempt at relief one of the keepers was seriously injured, his ankle being broken when he was swept into the sea and thrown by the waves on to the rocky base of the lighthouse.

His two companions, who had miraculously escaped, carried him up the ladder of this 150-foot lighthouse and wirelessly what had happened. A doctor was called to the receiving station and gave instructions as to what should be done to save the man's leg. The doctor continued to pay his visits over the wireless for 13 days until the storm abated and the men were relieved.

Marooned in the Arctic

An even more striking instance of the value of wireless has been seen in the dramatic marooning of 92 Russians in the Arctic. They include five women and a child, all crowded on the ice-breaker Cheluskin, which had sailed for Murmansk last summer to take off a party of scientists who had been wintering on Wrangel Island. But on the way home the ship got caught in ice-floes, and it has been drifting with them in the Arctic all this winter.

The Polar night adds to the discomfort of their congested home, but the ship has wireless and is in touch with the world, and especially with the pilots of two aeroplanes who are spending the winter at Providence Bay, to the south of Bering Strait, ready to risk everything should an emergency arise on the Cheluskin. The flight to the ship and back in the darkness, with the difficulty of landing on the rough ice, is not to be thought of except as a last resource, but wireless would bring the aeroplanes to the ship in case of serious illness or accident.

WE ARE FIRST IN WOOL

Britain again leads in the manufacture of wool, having overtaken America, which displaced her after the war. Japan is making great strides, importing more material than ever.

Employment in our wool trades has greatly recovered, and in 1933 we consumed about a third more wool than in 1932. The price has risen considerably, a fact which has greatly helped Australia in her gallant recovery.

THE GAME IN WHICH ALL LOSE ANDORRA JOINS IN A New Army in a Country at Peace For 1000 Years THIS RIDICULOUS WORLD

All the world is playing the game of Armaments, the game in which all the players lose and none wins; and now Andorra joins in.

This country, which has not been at war for a thousand years, has decided that now is the time to set up a standing army!

But it just shows to what a ridiculous pass the fear of war is bringing us all that this small mountainous Republic should feel left out of it without an army, and chooses to imitate her big neighbours by starting one.

Eleven Regulars

It will not be a large army, for Andorra has not the men to spare. It will have only one Commander and a General Staff of four, together with six chiefs chosen from the six districts of the Republic. The Commander has been selected by a plebiscite, while of the four officials of the General Staff one has been elected by the French President and another by a Spanish bishop.

Over and above the regular army a militia has been formed to which all the male population with the right to vote belong. Each militiaman must have in his dwelling ready for immediate use one gun, 24 projectiles, about a pound of black powder, and three explosives. Once every year they must present themselves to the military authorities in order to demonstrate that they are handy with their guns and can send a projectile 90 yards.

Ancestral Guns

Neither the army nor the militia has a single cannon or bayonet. Their guns belonged to their ancestors. The buttons on their uniform bear an inscription which, translated, reads, "Touch me if you dare," the motto adopted in 819, when Andorra declared its independence and resisted France as well as Spain.

It is hard not to smile at this quaint army, but it is no more ridiculous than the armies of Europe. The little country which has been at peace a thousand years must laugh as well when she pops her head over her mountains and sees all the bigger countries spending money they can ill afford piling up armaments in a futile race against each other, none of them wanting to fight anybody, all of them knowing that fighting settles nothing and leaves all losers.

THE SONG OF THE BLIND PLOUGHMAN A Man Whose Music Lives After Him

The death of Robert Coningsby Clarke has brought back a memory like the glimpse of a cottage garden, sweet and refreshing after the tawdry artificial flowers of this Jazz Age.

Like the cottage flowers, his songs were rooted in the soil. We remember his Red Devon by the Sea, his Songs of a Rover, and that other simple lyric which exulted and stirred our hearts like the sight of a great tree bending before the wind, the Song of the Blind Ploughman.

*Set my hands upon the plough,
My feet upon the sod;
Turn my face toward the east,
And praise be to God.*

*God has made His sun to shine
On both you and me,
God who took away my eyes
That my soul might see.*

The words are by Margaret Radclyffe Hall, and we give the first and last verses, sure that they will set Coningsby Clarke's music echoing in many minds.

MOTT'S MILLIONS £75,000,000 FOR GOOD THINGS The Man Who Has Raised It THREE SENTENCES THAT CHANGED A LIFE

Mr Basil Mathews has rendered yet another great service to the young people of today by writing the Life of John R. Mott, to be a source of inspiration to all.

Nearly 50 years ago a young man of twenty walked into the botanical lecture room of the Cornell University to listen to an address by an Englishman called C. T. Studd.

He was John R. Mott, with ambitions to be either a great politician or a great lawyer. He was of a happy-go-lucky nature and did not take life seriously. He had entered the room that evening in rather a cynical mood, wondering what this Englishman, who had been coming to America for several years running, had to say.

Continually Travelling

As he took his seat he heard three sentences spoken by Mr Studd: "Young man, seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."

The words went straight to the springs of Mott's life. His life was changed.

For the last forty years Dr Mott has been continually travelling all over the world, serving in a great ministry of reconciliation between nations and individuals and God Himself.

Like a great general, he has tried to organise the forces of the Church to meet the attacks of evil, selfishness, and materialism. No other living man in a hundred years has done more to give the Church an international outlook. Churches in richer lands have come to the help of those who are poor. The strong have been led to bear the burdens of the weak.

Spiritual Eyes

Dr Mott has interviewed the heads of the State and the Church in every land, and has helped them to see the needs of humanity through spiritual eyes. He has turned the eyes of business men to new ideas in the use of money, making them feel that it was a trust which they held from God.

It is calculated as a very conservative estimate that in forty years Dr Mott has been personally responsible for raising no less than £75,000,000 for the cause of God's kingdom throughout the world.

K.K.K.K.

The Old Folk at Dinner

We have told before of the K.K.K.K., which has one more K than the Klu Klux Klan and nothing whatsoever to do with it.

These Ks are a Dover fraternity of which every member is 70 or more. Their full title is the Klassical Konfraternity of Kongenial Konfreres, and a very kongenial kompany they were when 510 of them sat down the other evening to their 13th annual dinner.

In spite of totalling 38,760 years between them (the oldest guest was 95), they devoured Christmas puddings as eagerly as ten-year-olds. They sent a telegram to the King, and his greetings arrived back before they left the table.

We like so much the idea of this dinner that, with an eye to our own future, we wish there were more parties for oldest inhabitants.

A SMALLER AND A HAPPIER LAND By Dean Ingo

I think we should be a happier country with only about 30 millions of people, all employed, all fairly well paid, not overcrowded, and, as I hope, with fairly short days at work, giving opportunities for leisure which could be employed in hobbies and arts and crafts.

WORLD FRIENDS Good Little Europeans in Paris

From a Paris Correspondent

A very hopeful meeting was held the other day in Paris.

While Governments are struggling and wondering what to do to adjust the international situation, many of the children of Europe are showing the way; they are having a good time together.

A little while ago M. Delestrée, secretary of a French Commission for welcoming foreigners in France, resolved to start an Association of European Children in Paris. His idea began to work wonders immediately, for 22 nations represented by 450 children answered his call.

The badge of the association reflects its double purpose: to understand and to love. It pictures a map of Europe on which there is no trace of a frontier, thus giving a striking sense of unity. Each time a child glances at his badge he is bound to see that in reality there is one land, therefore one humanity, one country, one society, and consequently one family.

Golden Letters

What else says the badge? It says in golden letters:

Good Welcome to Little Europeans.

A stranger invited to a meeting of the Little Europeans was not long in realising the success of its purpose. As he entered the hall two little boys were walking arm in arm.

"What nation do you belong to?" asked the stranger, and one child, looking a little surprised, pondered for a while and then answered: "Austria."

"And your friend?" the stranger went on; but at this second question the child turned decidedly scornful, and exclaimed: "I don't know."

It was enough that they were friends.

We must congratulate M. Delestrée, who organised this gathering in such an admirable way, setting a high example to those politicians whose business seems to be to separate artificially people who quite naturally come together.

THE RED CROSS FINDS GALINA

A 16-Years Adventure

RUSSIAN GIRL GOES HOME TO UNKNOWN PARENTS

The Red Cross Society did a splendid bit of detective work when they found Galina Bogatiroff for her parents.

She was a baby when her parents had to leave her in Russia 16 years ago. The Revolution drove them out of the country, but the baby, too frail to stand the journey, was left on the way with kind people who promised to look after her.

When the parents reached New Zealand they started setting aside a small sum each week for Galina's fare from Russia.

But news from that country became more and more difficult to get, and finally they lost touch with Galina's guardians. The years passed; somewhere in Russia was their daughter, now a schoolgirl, and they could think of no way of getting news of her, and began to wonder if they would see her again.

Then in 1928 the Secretary of the New Zealand Red Cross Society lectured on the international aspect of the movement to ex-soldier patients at Wellington. One of them was a neighbour of the Bogatiroffs, and mentioned their trouble. The Red Cross in Paris was communicated with, and in three years a Red Cross agent in Moscow found the child at Strentensk in Siberia.

As we write she is on her way to New Zealand to join the parents she has never known; and they need not have saved up for her fare, after all, for the Red Cross rounded off a fine bit of work by raising the money for the girl's passage home.

EXPLORING AN OCEAN BED DISCOVERY OF A LOST CONTINENT

A Mountain Range Rising 10,000 Feet in the Sea

OCEAN TRACTS IN WHICH LIFE IS IMPOSSIBLE

It is familiar knowledge that animal life is not possible in many of our rivers owing to the discharge into them from industrial works.

It is not so well known, perhaps, that there are areas in the Black Sea and in some of the fiords of Norway where the decay of plant and animal matter is so extensive as to restrict life below a certain depth.

These areas are enclosed by land, which explains the conditions, but a recent discovery has brought to light an area in the open seas which is so impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen that no life can exist. This stretch of sea is below the 140-fathom mark in the Gulf of Oman, off the eastern cape of Arabia. The poison comes from the outpourings of the Euphrates and Tigris. These rivers bring down good food as well, for the upper waters of the Gulf are rich in animal life.

Submerged Mountain Ranges

This discovery is one of the many made last autumn by the Sir John Murray Expedition, whose ship, a 140-foot trawler lent by the Egyptian Government, has made four cruises in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. The expedition has great scientific value, for the Challenger did not sail in Indian waters. Soundings have been taken and some most interesting facts established concerning the ocean bed.

Off the coast of Baluchistan are two submerged mountain ranges, one of which rises to a height of 10,000 feet above the general level of the ocean bed. To the south of this mountain chain is a deep valley carved out in geological times by a river which flowed across the north of India. In this area is a lost continent, to which scientists have given the name of Lemuria, because when the Sun was shining on its forests and plains the lemurs, now rare, were the most advanced animals brought into existence by evolution. They were the first of the Primates, the Order to which Man belongs.

The expedition is now cruising in the part of the Indian Ocean lying between Ceylon and Zanzibar, a region seldom crossed by ships and consequently little known.

THINGS SAID

Our Sun is a dwarf star to the astronomers. Sir James Jeans

The old faith of our fathers is only sleeping. Lord Mayor of London

There do not exist two million human beings who can think. Sir Ernest Benn

On peace issues the peoples are very much in advance of their Governments. President Roosevelt

Were we to lose the League now we should lose the greatest gain of the battlefields. Mr Anthony Eden

Scottish tweeds made in Japan are being offered for sale in London.

Chairman of Textiles Exhibition

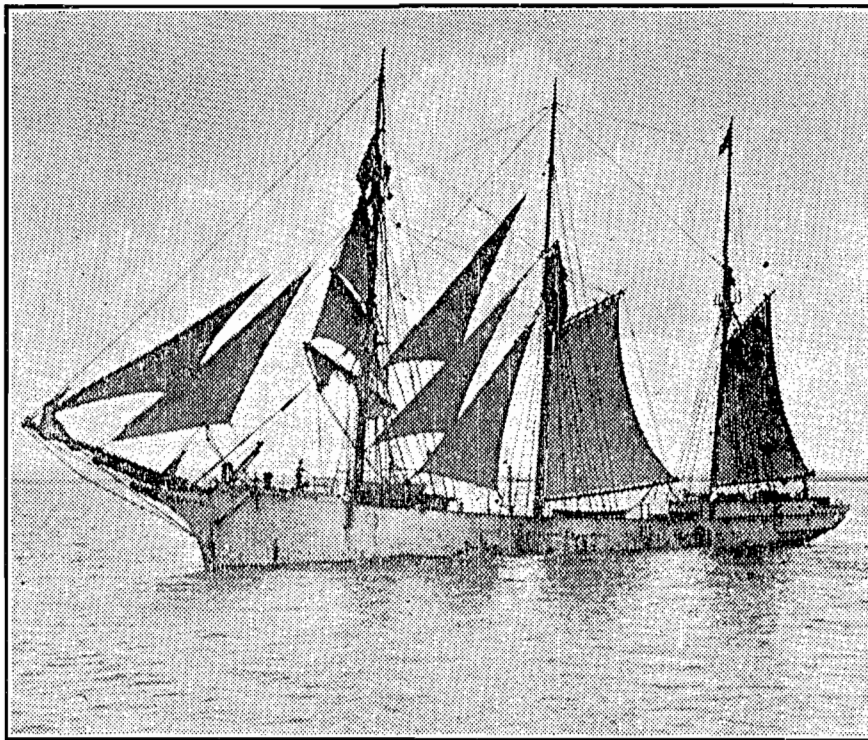
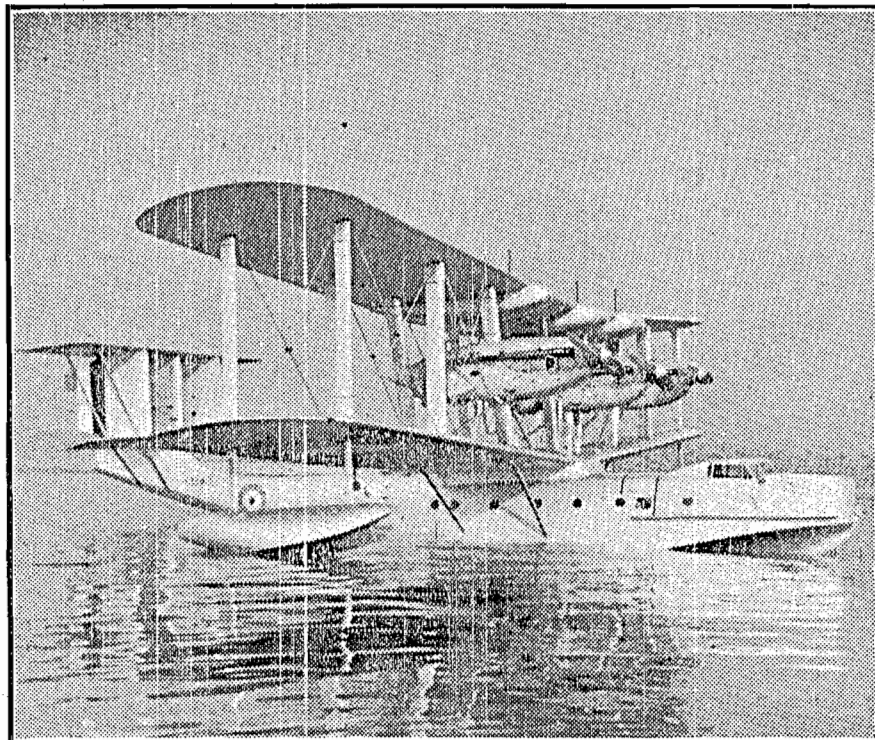
Twice in my lifetime public opinion in England has taken the wrong line under the influence of mass emotion.

Professor H. J. Fleure

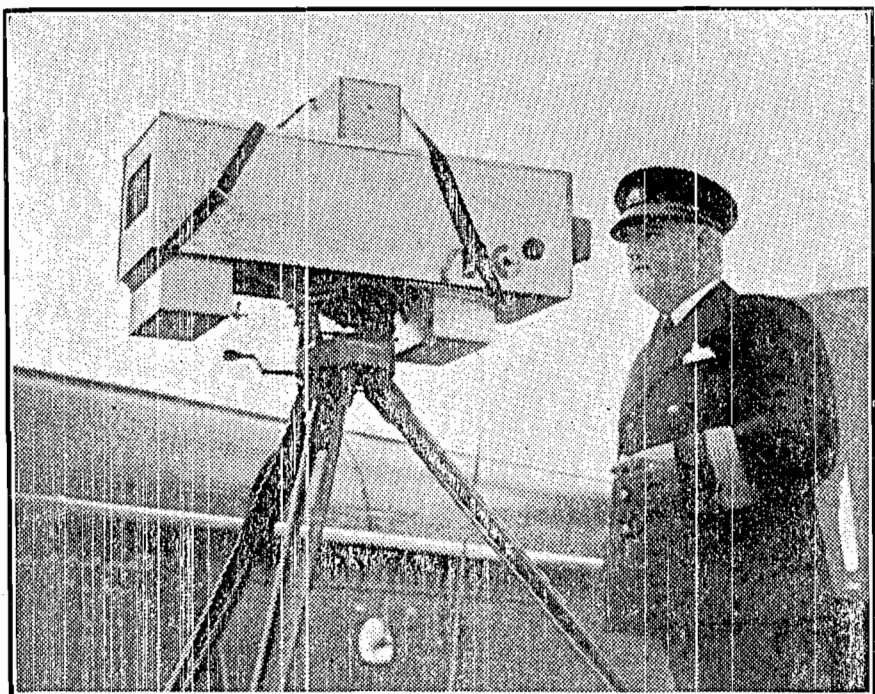
I leave £500 to Bristol Cathedral as a thankoffering for the solace brought into my life by the music at evensong.

Will of Frederick Stevens

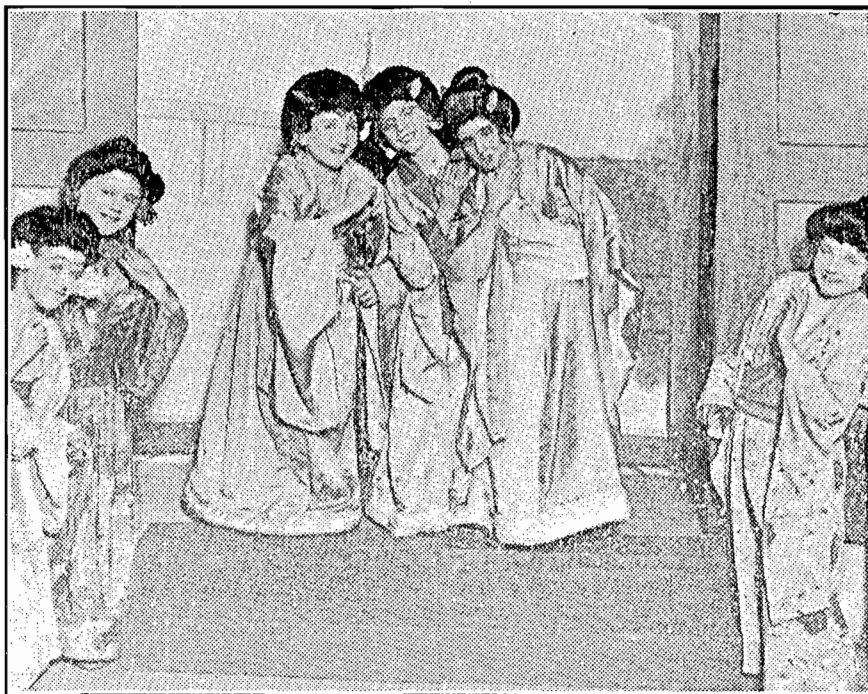
FLYING AND SAILING BOATS · THE FOG CAMERA · A SEA OF CLOUD



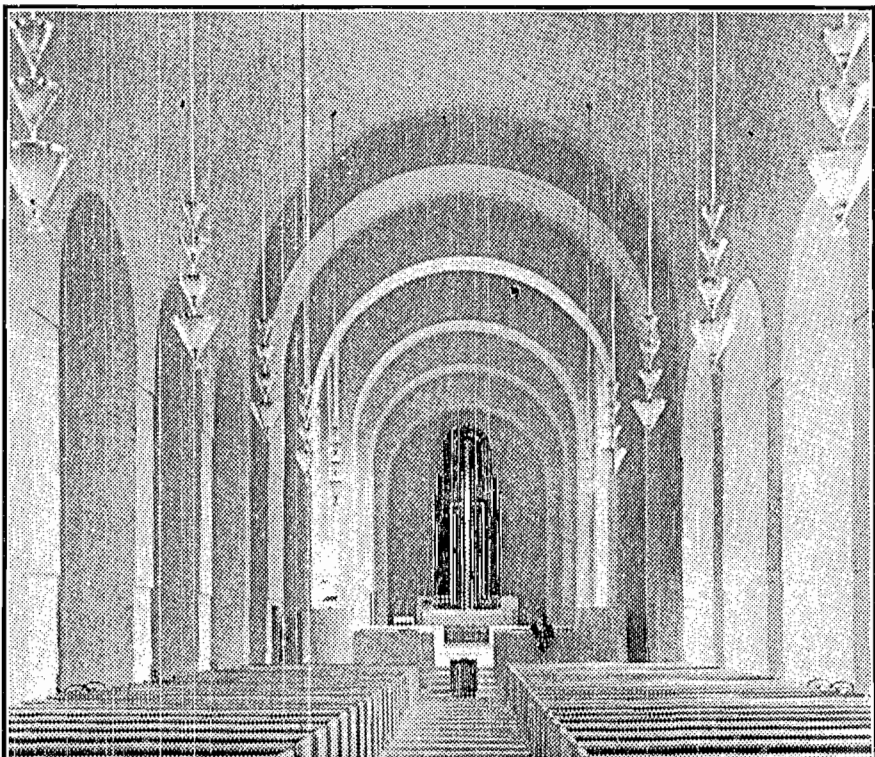
Flying and Sailing Boats—New and old methods of using the air for transport purposes are strikingly contrasted in these two pictures. On the left is a three-engined flying-boat just built at Brough in Yorkshire; and on the right is the Elizabetha of Liverpool, said to be the only ocean-going sailing ship still owned in England.



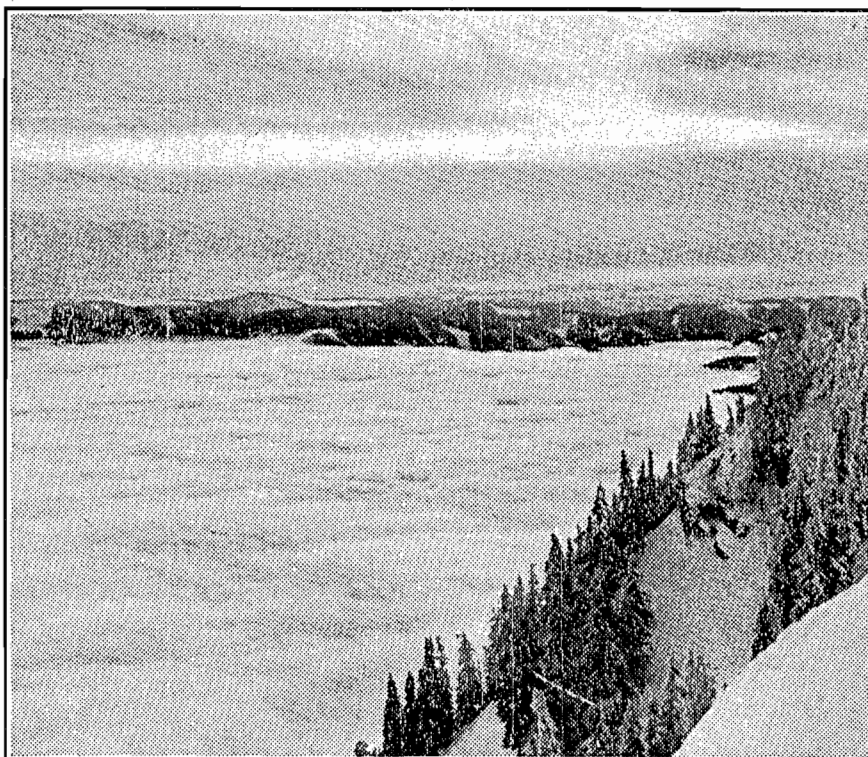
The Fog Camera—American ships are now using this fog-penetrating camera, which takes and develops a photograph every 30 seconds, extending the navigator's visibility four times.



Three Little Maids—Performances of The Mikado have been given in London by the boys of Fortescue House School, Twickenham, a branch of the Shaftesbury Homes and the Arethusa.



A New Church—Modern Ideas are successfully embodied in the traditional design of this church, recently completed at Brownhill in Lancashire. The metal-work is chromium plated



Above the Clouds—Like a rough sea on a rocky coast is this view, which was taken from a peak of the picturesque Raxalpe Mountains in Austria, of a layer of cloud in a valley.

THREE BRIDGES

WHAT WE DO AND DO NOT DO

The Triumph of the Zambesi and the Scandal of the Thames

PROGRESS ABROAD AND SLOTH AT HOME

Though rivers are a great help to trade they may also be a great hindrance.

Even our own Thames was an example of this in the long ago, when it made possible the Port of London in Roman days but proved a hindrance to trade between Kent and the counties north of the river. It was not till London Bridge was built that trade linked together the north and south of our island.

One of the latest great bridges is across the Irrawaddy at Mandalay. Now the clank of railway wheels on a steel bridge breaks in upon the sweet chimes of its temple bells. The Irrawaddy is a wonderful servant to Burma, being navigable for nearly 1000 miles from its many mouths near Rangoon. But at Mandalay, with its floods and changing channels, it has been a hindrance to the trader, who had to unload his goods from the railway wagons on one side, ship them across the river, and reload them to the railway running as far as Myitkyina, in the north of Upper Burma.

Vital Trade Link

This new bridge is a modern masterpiece three-quarters of a mile long and carries a motor-road as well as rails. It has cost over a million pounds and taken five years to build. It is impossible to estimate the value such a vital link will mean to trade.

Equally impossible is it to estimate the wealth to Nyasaland and the surrounding countries which the completion of a similar bridge over the Zambesi will bring in a few years. It will link that Protectorate with the Portuguese port of Beira. In this case, too, the wide and shifting river divides the railway into two and the goods have to be ferried across at great risk and expense. The new bridge and its viaduct will be two miles long and will cost well over a million pounds.

How ridiculous, in contrast with these two up-to-date bridges, is the position of our own Waterloo Bridge in the heart of London! The loss to traders which has resulted from this scandal during the last eight years must amount to millions. The Burmese must be laughing at a nation which can build a bridge in Mandalay but cannot make up its mind about a bridge in the heart of its own capital.

NEW COINS FOR OLD

New Zealand's Own Designs

New Zealand is to have a new issue of silver coins.

Over 40 million new coins from the London Mint will replace the Imperial silver coins which have previously been in circulation in New Zealand. That country is now, like Australia, to have its own designs on its coinage on the reverse of the King's head.

It was a difficult task to estimate how many threepenny-bits, sixpences, shillings, florins, and half-crowns to ask for, but the banks came to the aid of the Government of New Zealand and decided that out of every £100 of silver

£35 was needed in half-crowns
£30 was needed in florins
£15 was needed in shillings
£10 was needed in sixpences
£10 was needed in threepences

It is expected that by the end of March the old coins will be in circulation and all the new coins withdrawn.

THE CITADEL OF THE ATOM

Science To Attack It By Peaceful Persuasion

SIX KINDS OF MATTER

All over the world scientific men are striving to prise open the atom.

In the autumn Lord Rutherford is to preside over a conference of the General Staff of Science which is to consider pacific but strong measures to take it apart. The integrity of the atom must always be respected, but till it has been blown more thoroughly to bits science is rather in the dark about it.

The days are past when the atom can be considered in the light of Sir Oliver Lodge's illustration, as a sort of dome of St Paul's Cathedral in which electrons like motes in the sunbeam are endlessly dancing about. The electrons are certainly there whirling about some central larger and heavier speck at speeds of thousands of miles a second, but there is something else as well.

Heavy Hydrogen

When the first simple picture was abandoned, new names were found for the parts of the atom. The central speck was declared to be a nucleus of hydrogen, and was called an electron proton. The others were particles of helium, named alpha particles. All matter was held till two years ago to boil down in the atom to these two gases.

Then two new particles were added to the list, the neutron (which was an alliance of positive and electric particles) and the positive (as distinguished from the negative) electron. That made, with the negative electron, five things in an atom of matter.

Then a few weeks ago, another unit was found. Hydrogen, the simplest of all kinds of matter, was found to be not so simple as supposed. There is a second kind of hydrogen, called heavy hydrogen, which has a nucleus twice as massive as the simple hydrogen nucleus with which science began its theorising. So now the diplom, as Lord Rutherford calls it, makes a sixth kind of matter for the building-up of atoms.

Millions of Volts

But Lord Rutherford and his General Staff, drawn from America, Japan, India, and the European countries as well as the British Empire, are not content to let the matter rest there, or to let these invisible particles eat the bread of idleness. They set them to work.

By assembling great powers of electricity, amounting to millions of volts, they release the heavier particles and fire them off at the mass of the atoms. These particles are immensely hard, they fly at immense speeds, and they can shock any atom out of its impenetrability, if they register on it a direct hit.

Such projectiles, if they were as big as a football, and were fired at the same speed, would blow a hole clear through the globe. They are, of course, almost immeasurably small, but, small as they are, if and when they rend the atom apart they will disclose more and more of its secrets.

FRANCE DEFEATING HERSELF

There were only 521,997 children born in France last year, or 33,135 fewer than in 1932.

As the deaths numbered 494,599, births exceeded deaths by a little over 27,000. This is not nearly enough to maintain the existing population.

France is actually shrinking in manhood and thus defeating herself. The French are such gifted people that no thinking man will rejoice in French shrinkage.

BACK TO MEDIEVAL DAYS

The Dark Ages in Dachau Camp

REVIVAL OF TORTURE

Terrible stories of cruelty in German concentration camps are still reaching this country.

One of the latest concerns the camp at Dachau in Bavaria, and has been put on record by a Special Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, who gives the names of the victims.

This camp was the subject of an article in the Munich Illustrated Press, which described it as a place for the training of good citizens and gave pictures of their healthy life.

The facts appear to be different. Last autumn there were over 2000 prisoners, mostly of the working-class, about 50 intellectuals, and 50 Jews. The ten barracks in which they are housed, had punishment cells of concrete without heating arrangements and practically without light, one totally dark. Let into the walls are chains, and only wooden beds without blankets are available for sleep. The prisoners may be kept in these cells for three months.

A Usual Practice

This is not the worst that may befall them. They may be sentenced to flogging with a thong of ox hide to which is attached a strip of steel.

It is a usual practice to beat officials of the Socialist and Communist parties immediately they arrive at this camp.

The correspondent gives the names of half a dozen Communists and two Brown Shirts who died from their injuries at the camp, and declares that the total number who have perished in this way cannot be far short of 50. He adds that the prisoners are compelled to deny that they have been beaten, and that two whose names he knows have been compelled to write articles giving a favourable account of life in Dachau camp.

A THING WE DO BADLY

Not Enough Builders

Not a few of our industries are undermanned in proportion to our population. Having 45 millions of people and some ten million separate homes, we have only 884,000 persons in the building trade, of whom 188,000 are out of work. Our working army of builders the other day was no more than 696,000.

Among these there existed only 80,000 bricklayers. Twice as many men could not lay all the bricks needed to make new walls for us. As for the people making bricks, they number only 11,000. So it is with carpenters and masons and painters and plumbers and tilers. We have only about 30,000 plumbers.

The undermanning of great trades is a very serious subject, which raises great issue. The building trade is not organised to do what the nation needs. It exists as a speculation, masters and men alike being frequently idle. It answers the call of people who are unable to demand effectively what they need. There is no one to say: "So many houses of such and such a kind are needed; they must be built."

Consequently few people are able to command good housing accommodation, and people take what they can get.

A WINDOW ON SNOWDON

To See or Not To See

Bangor City Council had the happy idea of giving the houses they are building a good view of Snowdon.

They submitted their plans to the Ministry for approval, and back came the order that the houses must not face the mountain, but have their backs to it.

The Council is going to protest, and we very much hope the workers of Bangor get their room with a view.

TRADE CHAOS

THE GOOD AND BAD SIDE OF QUOTAS

A Manoeuvre Too Mean For a Great Nation

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Trade by what we call Quotas is becoming the rule in a world which everywhere hampers and restricts international commerce.

The import quota, as the C.N. has before explained, is a fixed quantity of trade, introduced to prevent imports, whatever their price, from exceeding a certain amount. This is done because the great variations in price, now common, make it impossible to devise an import duty to limit trade.

Imports by quota also lend themselves to the making of trade agreements between two or more nations, as we shall see by what follows.

The quota is a most effective means of choking trade, if it is thought well to perform the act of choking.

A Quota Good For Us

A quota agreement that helps British trade has just been made between India and Japan.

Japanese competition in India in cotton goods has hurt both Indian and British cotton manufacturers. After long negotiation, the following arrangement has been made:

Japan may export to India up to a maximum of 400 million yards of cotton goods a year for the next three years. Her present export is 578 million yards, so that the new quota means a big reduction.

If Japan sends to India only 125 million yards, she need not buy any Indian raw cotton. If she sends 325 million yards she must buy a million bales of Indian cotton; if she sends the maximum 400 million yards she must buy 1,500,000 bales of Indian cotton.

The reduction in the permitted export will mean more trade for either Indian or British makers in the Indian market.

Thus the principle of limiting Japan's exports has been accepted, and we may be quite sure that other such limitations will follow. Japan cannot expect the nations to consent to the ruin of their industries by drastic undercutting.

A Simple Explanation

That is a good quota for us, but by a new French quota arrangement British trade was seriously menaced.

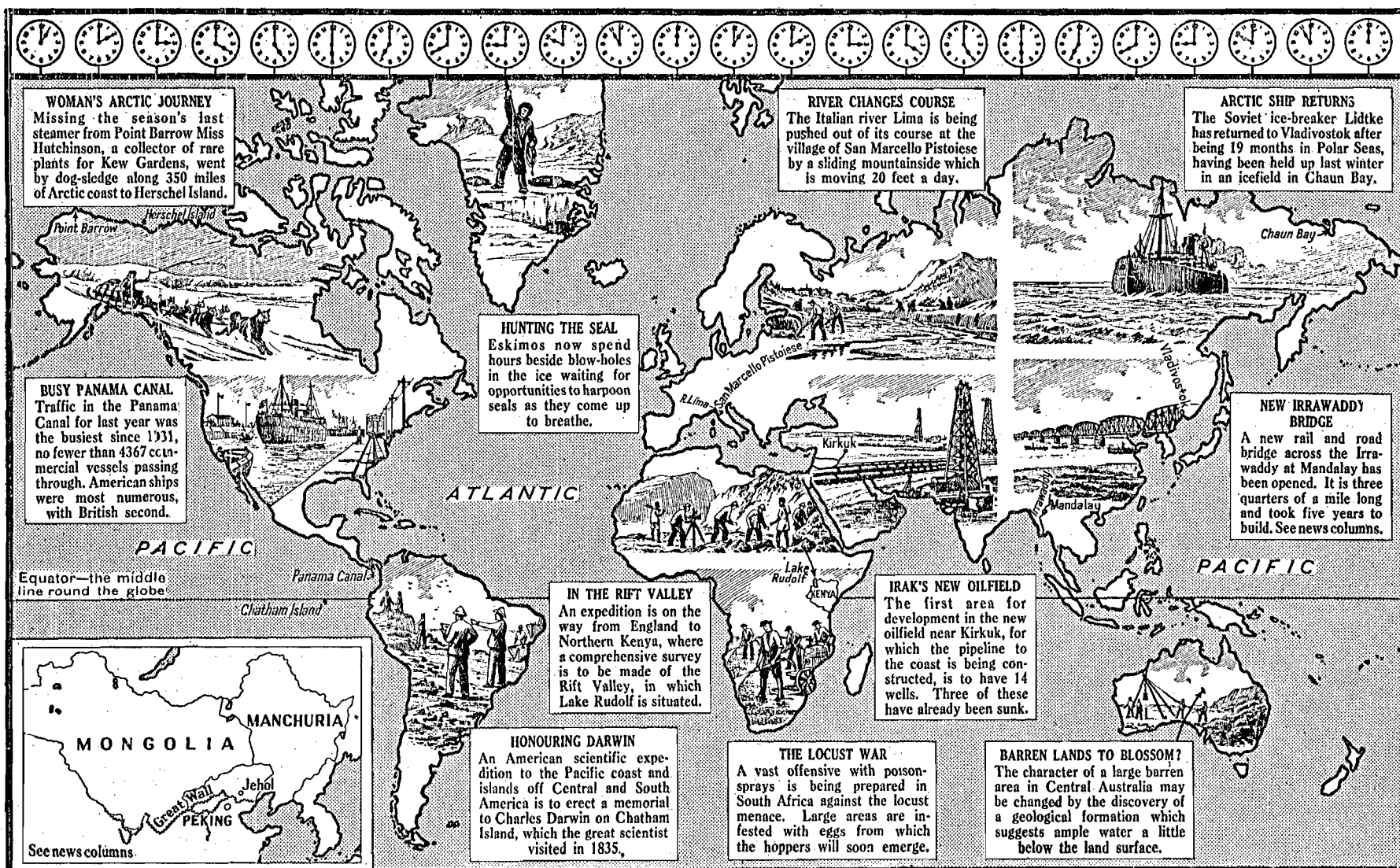
The decision had been to cut by 75 per cent the import quotas allotted to British goods. This is now cancelled, on the urgent representations of our Foreign Office, and the former quotas restored for "a very abundant list of United Kingdom products."

Unfortunately there is a very simple explanation of this trade manoeuvre. Negotiations for a new Commercial Treaty between the two countries are soon to begin. The existing treaty was made in 1882. The object of the new quota restriction, now abandoned, was to provide France with a new weapon for bargaining, as if to say, What will you give us if we give up this new means of hurting you?

It is surprising that such a course should have been taken, and we rejoice that France has perceived its stupidity. We all know the sort of dealer who, knowing that the price of an article is to be discussed, begins by raising the price figure by 100 per cent. In private life we all distrust such methods; in public life they are most inadvisable. Great nations should not stoop to the tricks of the huckster.

Forty superheated engines, complete with tenders capable of carrying 3500 gallons of water and five tons of coal, are being built at Crewe for LMS express goods trains.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE RAJAH AND THE WELL

Why Stoke Row Does Not Fear Drought

Many villages have been suffering badly from water shortage, but there is one which is not likely to be troubled in this way.

The inhabitants of Stoke Row in Oxfordshire have to thank an Indian rajah for making sure that they have a water supply that never fails. The way in which this came about is interesting.

Many years ago Mr E. A. Reade was entrusted with the carrying out of some work in India for the rajah, and when the work was finished the rajah said he would like to make Mr Reade a present. The engineer replied that he did not wish for anything personally, but he suggested to the rajah that a present of a well might be made to his native village of Stoke Row.

The people in this place had no adequate water supply and suffered greatly in dry summers.

The grateful rajah gave orders for the driving of an artesian well to a depth of 368 feet, and the well taps an inexhaustible supply of water which has never been known to fail. The water, which is exceptionally pure, is free to all.

THE OPTIMIST AND HIS BEES

There has recently passed away in Sussex an enthusiast whose work has become famous all over the world.

He was Mr Arthur Sturges, who after 20 years as a scientist decided to devote himself to his hobby of bee-keeping for a livelihood. He settled in East Dean and made this little place known wherever men keep bees.

In eight years he experimented with amazing success, giving to the world the fruit of his knowledge in popular books. Whoever came to him for information was welcomed wholeheartedly and took away something of that boyish enthusiasm for which this pioneer was famous.

NEXT WEEK'S C.N.
A Gift For Every Reader

If you have not placed an order with your newsagent to deliver the C.N. regularly you will be well advised to do so now, for there is going to be a great demand for next week's issue. It will contain a splendid gift for every reader.

The C.N. tells the story of the world today for the men and women of tomorrow. The world today, however, owes much to the past, and the C.N. has prepared a fascinating novelty which shows at a glance the outstanding events in a thousand years of England's story. One of these splendid novelties will be given with every C.N. next week.

There will also appear details of a remarkable offer. Regular readers will be given the opportunity of obtaining a stereoscope of very high quality, together with a set of pictures, for a small outlay which represents only a part of its value.

In next week's issue, too, there begins an exciting new serial by the popular C.N. author T. C. Bridges.

Make sure of your copy by ordering it from your newsagent now.

POISON ON THE DOWNS

Strange Event in Dorset

A man was walking in his Dorset park the other day when about fifty birds fell lifeless about him.

This was but one experience among many which villagers have met with on the Downs near Dorchester. Hundreds of birds and some animals have died suddenly, and great alarm has resulted, the inhabitants being afraid to eat rabbits or game birds.

Poisons, of course, are used in manures spread over farm lands, but not to such an extent as to cause this wholesale slaughter. Even with the discovery of the cause the danger will continue for many weeks, as poison will remain in the tissues of the victims for a considerable period.

THE POOR MAN WHO KEPT HIS RICHES He Knew Mendelssohn

We have lost a link with one of the giants of music. Edward Speyer is dead.

One day, when he was a small boy, he hid under the dining-room table, and crawled out to find a stranger in the room. The stranger was extremely nice to him, and full of fun. His father said afterwards, "Never forget that you have seen Mendelsohn." Although Speyer lived to be 94 he never did forget.

All his life, first in Germany and then in England, Speyer was a generous friend to music. We owe him much, and he had his reward in the friendship of scores of musicians.

He lost money, and had to leave his big house for a small one and to sell some of his beloved Dutch masterpieces ; yet beauty was with him all his days ; he never grew weary of music as a man grows weary of riches.

WHY NOT A WORLD MONEY BOARD?

By H. G. Wells

Consider what it would mean for the whole world if the dollar and the pound could be fused into one money.

Suppose it were possible to create a Trade and Money Board for these two vast systems. It need not be very different in its nature from that National Recovery Board set up by President Roosevelt, only it would be broader. Once the American and the British systems got together into that much cooperation, it would not be many years before that Trade and Money Board became a Trade and Money Board for all the world.

TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE

We have heard too much of what the young men of Oxford are not prepared to fight for, too little of what they are willing and anxious to fight for.

Mr A. J. Cummings

LEARNING KNOWS NO BOUNDS

Famous Library Lent To London
THE FRIENDLY SPIRIT AT
WORK IN THE WORLD

Learning has no national boundaries, and knowledge grows from more to more though politicians quarrel and militarists prepare for slaughter.

One of the most delightful examples of this international spirit in matters of the mind is the transference to London from Hamburg of the magnificent library founded over 30 years ago by Professor Warburg.

This library is of unique value for all who wish to study the influence of Greece and Rome on European life and thought. Hundreds of students have travelled to this private library at Hamburg, and for the next three years London will be the goal of such students from all quarters, for the library will be installed at Thames House, where Viscount Lee and the Senate of the University of London will watch over it.

All who look to the new Courtauld Institute of Art will welcome this additional source of knowledge with enthusiasm. Its loan is one of the greatest compliments ever paid to London University.

CARDIFF'S WONDER BOX

The signal-box the G.W.R. has built for its new station at Cardiff is one of the most wonderful in the world.

Everything in it is worked by electricity, and only two men are needed to control 339 levers.

Duplicate diagrams of the station's layout are installed showing the complete circuits with all movements marked by red lights. The signalmen can communicate with every part of the station and yard by telephone.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 27 1934

The Power That Sleeps

THERE is something in man that never dies, something eternal in the world. It is the spirit of man, the power behind the things he does, the mysterious force which gives him strength when he needs it and enables him to bear adversity.

Man's body perishes, for it is matter, and all matter is for a little time. Never is the body long the same, and in the end it goes.

But the spirit goes on, the universal thing, eternal. It may sleep in any man, it may sleep in nations; and when it sleeps the whole world seems a different place. Everywhere is gloom and fear, and we say there is a Great Depression. What we mean is that the spirit of man is sleeping and the Pessimist is about, the man who shuts his eyes and does not know that this wonderful world has come out of nothing, that God and man together have made it what it is, and can make it what they will. The Pessimist is the man in whom the spirit is fast asleep. The Optimist is the man in whom it is awake.

We are thinking like this because a wonderful thing has happened. Men have been saying for a long, long time that the Church is done for and that Faith is dead. Well, let us see.

For good or ill Herr Hitler has marched to power and imposed his dictatorship on sixty million people. They passed as from freedom to a sort of slavery almost in a night. There had been nothing like it before, and the new Napoleon has had his way. Most of the people thought he would save Germany; those who opposed him were afraid. No voice was raised against him.

But it has been raised at last. It is the bravest voice that has been heard for many a day; and where does it come from? There was a submarine commander in the war who was ordered to take his submarine to Scapa Flow and surrender it to the Allies. He refused. He was too proud to surrender in defeat. Today this proud German is leading a little host against the attempt of the Nazis to capture the Church and to turn religion into politics. The State is over all, they say, and they would turn Church and Faith and Bible upside down.

But it is the one thing no man can do; and if Herr Hitler tries it it will bring him clattering down. About 6000 pastors have defied this Nazi tyranny, and thousands of laymen will join them. It sends a thrill of hope through Europe, for it means that in Germany is something that cannot die.

It is the unconquerable spirit of man, the thing that sleeps but does not perish.

A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

a'ove the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



What a Slum Is

AGAIN the serious question, What is a Slum? is raised by a case in the South of England.

A child died in a six-roomed cottage and the inquest brought to light that the place housed two adults and 13 children. It was stated that the so-called nursery was below the ground-level, that one of three bedrooms was an attic reached by narrow and dangerous stairs, that the cottage was overshadowed by other buildings, and the living-room small and dark.

Is this a slum? Evidently the local authority thought not, for it licensed the place as a home for young children.

We shall begin to understand the Slum problem when those who rule us know what a slum is.

Sunshine or Flowers?

A FRIEND of ours recently went to work in a little town of Tunis.

On one of the coldest days of this winter came from her a glowing account of her new home. "I am on the edge of the desert," she wrote, "and see caravans coming; but best of all is the sunshine, every day, pouring through my window."

We rather envied her the warm sunshine until her next letter came, thanking us for a calendar. "The calendar is very pretty, and reminds me that there are flowers in the world. *Here we have none.*"

Who would exchange the miracle of our English spring and the thrill of seeing the green tips of bulbs push their way to life for any perpetual summer anywhere?

£600 For £100

THE booming of sweepstakes has misled so many people that we may well take note of these words of Mr Crichton-Miller, of the Institute of Medical Psychology, who asks how many tickets would be sold for a sweepstake if every ticket had on the back:

To have an even chance of winning £100 you will need to invest £600.

It might be well to place the purchaser of a sweepstake ticket in the packed Stadium at Wembley, says Mr Crichton-Miller, and to tell him that only one in that vast assemblage would get a five-figure prize, for in one of the 1932 Irish sweepstakes the chance of a prize of £10,000 or more worked out at one to over 100,000.

The Happy Land

That our sons may be like plants, Growing up in their youth;
Our daughters like corner-pillars, Hewn for the structure of a palace;
Our granaries filled,
Sending forth store after store;
Our flocks bringing forth thousands,
Ten thousands in our fields;
Happy is the State that has such people in it.

So Fantastic

IT is all a question of point of view.

We were standing on one of the lovely bridges across the Avon at Salisbury looking at a fine red-brick front with stone mullioned windows.

We asked a maid at the hotel the name of it, and she was not quite sure, but "somebody told me it was the electric lighting works, but what I said was why had they built it so fantastic?"

One Day

When Beauty shall outlaw the Beast,
Each Cinderella find her shoe,
And all our fairy tales come true;
When prince and pauper join to feast,
Then on the wastes, lone miles from home,
Poor lost sheep shall be shepherded,
Poor hurt sheep shall be found and fed,
Seeing the dear Good Shepherd come.

Marjorie Wilson

Tip-Cat

A MAN complains that his neighbours are against him. He should buy a detached house.

MORE fenland is to be reclaimed. When it is it will be recovered.

THE Conservative mind hangs out till the last, declares a politician. Hoping for a breeze.

THE jumper has an important place in every woman's wardrobe, says

a fashion writer. But a more important one when she wears it.

AN income-tax inspector is a cross-country runner. Who is after him?

IF a baby doesn't

thrive on fresh milk boil it, says an article. Personally we should try something less drastic first.

A WOMAN usually gets the car she wants. She has driving force.

BULLET-PROOF silk has been invented. If you wear it your life will hang on a thread.

MUSICIANS have a happy life. They play at their work.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE B.B.C. appeals last year brought £10,000 for St Martin's Winter Fund.

BRADFORD INFIRMARY is promised £20,000 anonymously if it completes its new building in two years.

THE BOYS BRIGADE hopes all its companies will keep February 4 as a special League of Nations Sunday.

JUST AN IDEA

Right ideas are everywhere for every man to deal with.

In Winter

By Our Town Girl

THEY said the leaves were dead,
That summer flowers had sped;
"The skies wear darkened wind-blown clouds,
There are no stars," they said.

AND though I saw the Earth
Had come to her great dearth,
And though I knew the waiting trees

Wore now no summer wreath,

YET in my heart did wing
A little summer thing,
The knowledge of a love not dead;
And to my heart came spring.

Day and Night

By Our Country Girl

FAR below the hill
Sparks of silver lie
Like a host of stars
Fallen from the sky,
All the valley's lap
Filled with flowers of light,
Apronful of stars:
It's the town by night.

Rows of dreary slate,
Rank on rank of grey,
Crescent, street, and square:
It's the town by day.
Ah, the sordid homes!
Who by day could guess
Each one has a soul,
Starry loneliness?

What's Gold?

What's Joy but elfin gold,
That crumbles as we grasp it?
With eager hands we clasp it:
It slips from out our hold.

What's Joy but mocking gold?
Only a transient dower
That withers like a flower
When autumn winds blow cold.

Ah no! 'Tis more than this:
It never has forsaken
The daffodils that waken
At April's urgent kiss.
In rainbows it does house,
And makes itself a dwelling
In blackbird's voices, telling
Sweet stories from green boughs.

Eleanor Begbie

A Prayer For All

Remember, Lord, we pray Thee, our brethren, Thy servants, who for us and for our protection stand in jeopardy every hour.

Stablish the strong; uplift the weak; comfort the suffering; refresh the weary; take to Thy rest the happy dead. Remember, we beseech Thee, the fatherless and widows, and all who are in distress for the whole, the sick, the maimed, or the lost; and give us thankful hearts that these our brethren are content for our sakes to know anguish and toil and want and death.

And so to Thy mercy we commend them, O Father, who art the Lord of Hosts and the only giver of victory, for the sake of Thy Son our Saviour.

A prayer read to his household each evening by the late Sir John Fortescue

Our Town Girl

The Editor wishes to thank all C.N. readers who have written to Our Town Girl and to beg that they will accept this acknowledgment of their sympathy.

A THRONE FOR MR PU

JAPAN'S GAME OF WAR

A Broken Word and an Artificial Republic

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS

The assumption by Pu-Yi of the title of Emperor of Manchukuo is an event of great political importance, the implications of which cover a wide field.

For China, from the 17th century to the revolution of 1911, was ruled by a Manchu dynasty, which conquered all China. In 1912 a Chinese Republic was established, but after the war the Manchu dynasty was restored and Pu-Yi himself, as the tenth of his line, ruled as a baby emperor for a few years, abdicating when a child of six. In 1925 he was forced into exile, and became very poor. The Japanese, in setting him up in Manchuria as "Emperor of Manchukuo," use him as a convenient tool. The pages of history are full of such puppets. The new Emperor is to be crowned on March 1.

Russia Alarmed

The ambitions of Japan go far, and there are Japanese voices which openly urge the conquest of Peking, of Mongolia, even of the eastern provinces of Russia. That Russia is seriously alarmed is plain; and her statesmen publicly warn Japan that Russian armaments are not so negligible as in the days when Japan so easily defeated the Russians.

Japan, with her population increasing at the rate of a million a year, has the right to live and to expand; but she has been for long pursuing a course which is antagonising both the East and the West. It is earnestly to be hoped that she will not compromise her just claims by courses which make her regarded increasingly as a firebrand.

The latest developments must be considered in relation to the great claims put forward by Japan.

Japanese speakers have publicly declared that the Japanese Government regards as belonging to Manchukuo all the Chinese territories north of the Great Wall of China!

The Great Wall

To understand this we must trace that ancient rampart, built 2200 years ago to keep out the Tartars. It is 1400 miles long, and just below it is Peking. The Nationalist Government of China is now seated farther south at Nanking. Above it lie sections of China and all Mongolia, part of which has been invaded by the Japanese forces. The Japanese have also seized Jehol in Chihli Province. They are already in Shangtu, the ancient capital of Mongolia, where once the famous Kubla Khan held his brilliant court. (See World Map.)

Mongolia has an area of about 1,400,000 square miles and a sparse population of 2,500,000. On the north it is bounded by Russia, and Japanese politicians have been openly discussing the annexation of the entire Russian Far Eastern territory.

The Young Emperor's Career

The Emperor Pu-Yi of Manchukuo, whose coronation is fixed for next month, was born in 1906, and is therefore only 28.

He has had a remarkable career, which may be summarised like this:

Born	1906
Became Emperor of China	1909
Abdicated, with a pension	1912
Restored as Emperor	1917
Abdicated, without a pension	1917
Lived as Mr Henry Pu till	1932
Made President of Japan's sham Republic of Manchukuo	1932
Made Emperor of Manchukuo	1934

We believe in stating every point of view, and we put on record the Japanese statement that the coronation of the Emperor Pu-Yi will mark the independence of Manchukuo as a sovereign State. It is the latest piece of territory captured by war, violently taken by a State pledged not to make aggressive war.

THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST PARLIAMENT

THE Maharaja of Kapurthala is a very progressive ruler.

As a result of his travels and education abroad he has come to realise that it is not right for him to be an autocratic chief of his people.

He has therefore decided that there must be a proper Parliament, the members of which must be elected by his subjects. All men and women over 21 are eligible for the franchise.

The Kapurthala State has a population of 350,000, and covers 589 square miles. The revenue the State derives from them is £300,000 a year. According to the system at present prevailing the Maharaja has a right to the entire amount, but the ruler of Kapurthala is thoughtful and wise.

The new Kapurthala Parliament will have 75 members. It will have a few women members in it so that the needs and claims of women are not overlooked. While the members will have

power to discuss the entire budget of the State, they will not have the authority to overrule the demands of the Defence forces or the personal purse of the Maharaja.

Besides being the ruler of an important State the Maharaja is a big landlord, with an estate covering 700 square miles in the United Provinces. The income of approximately £100,000 a year which he gets from this is really spent by him for his travels abroad and the education of his children.

All the princes and princesses of this House have received their training in England and France.

The family life at the Kapurthala palace, which is built on the model of Versailles, is like that of an English squire. The parents and the children sit down together to a meal, and, unlike other Hindu rulers, the Maharaja invites people of all castes and creeds and nationalities to his table.

A BEGGAR BY THE ROADSIDE



A squirrel by the roadside at Kidlington in Oxfordshire accepts a morsel from a passer-by.

PUBLIC MISTAKES

FOR forty years a silly spelling mistake has marred the Shelley Memorial at University College, Oxford, but at last it is to be put right.

The mistake was in the spelling of "stains" in the quotation from the poem Adonais:

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

Things do come right in the end; but we are still waiting for somebody to correct the mistaken quotation of

Robert Louis Stevenson on his own grave. We rather sympathise with the suggestion which was made recently with regard to new mosaics in Westminster Cathedral.

The suggestion is that the artist's designs should be put in place for some time before the work is carried out. If this had been a rule there would not be the mosaic in this cathedral today which makes Our Lady reign as patron saint of London instead of Saint Paul.

It is said that there is a mistake on Lord Oxford and Asquith's gravestone at Sutton Courtenay, but we have not been able to check it.

ONE MORE MONEY SWINDLER

THE WHOLESALE DUPING OF THE PUBLIC

Financial Crime on a Great Scale Goes On and On

A GOVERNMENT SHAKEN

In Paris the new Government has been shaken to its foundations.

In the South of France thousands of poor investors are bewailing the loss of their savings, gone in the crash of the seemingly safe Bayonne Municipal Loan.

In Chamonix the arch swindler who stole the money, Alexandre Serge Stavisky, lies in a dishonoured grave.

The three occurrences are bound up in an inextricable tangle of fraud, wicked folly, and blind confidence. Those who have lost their money by investing in a security which was no security but promised a high rate of interest are now furiously clamouring for the punishment of those whose connivance, fraudulent or merely imbecile, made the swindle possible.

The Missing Millions

Now that the money has gone the circumstances enabling Stavisky to make away with it seem incredible. The investment was a municipal concern, the affairs and conduct of which should have been open for all the world to see. People naturally ask how it was that the municipal authorities of Bayonne did not know what was happening, and they as naturally declare that some of those who should have known deliberately turned a blind eye to it.

Such an accusation carries with it the suspicion that Stavisky was not the only swindler. Some others must have dipped their fingers into the missing millions. The municipal officers of Bayonne, the police who should have known something about the career of Stavisky, the magistrates who had him before them on a charge of forgery and had adjourned the inquiry over and over again in the last seven years, are all under a cloud.

Fault of the Public

The black cloud of recrimination and accusation reaches as far as the Minister of Labour, who appears to have recommended the Bonds of the Bayonne Loan and has had to resign.

If all those who knew Stavisky, either too little or too well, and let him go on, are merely stupid men, their stupidity is none the less criminal. But Stavisky is only one of a number of confidence men who have deluded the public since the war. And the truth is that it is largely the public's own fault for being deceived by showy criminals.

It is more than time the world took its great money concerns out of the hands of private speculators.

Wealth and Influence

All countries have suffered like France. Here in Britain we have had too many financial wizards who, after spreading ruin around them, have ended their careers in prison or by their own hands. America, Belgium, Italy, Sweden have all recently suffered from the same cause. These so-called financiers dazzle the public with their tricks, gain a great following by their generosity with other people's money, assume the style of luxurious potentates, and end in dishonoured graves, punishing the millions who thought them capable of conjuring up wealth out of space.

There was an English member of the species who built a palace in Surrey and entertained princes before he ended his life by swallowing poison.

The day will surely come when society will not countenance wealth as a passport to influence, or allow individuals to toy with the lives of their fellows by playing upon their ignorance or avarice.

PEOPLE WHO SHOULD BE STOPPED

The Noise Louts

MOTOR-CYCLES HEAD THE BLACK LIST

What is the nastiest street noise you know?

Sir Henry Fowler has recently told the Anti-Noise League the results of an invitation to the public to say what noises cause them the most discomfort and inconvenience.

It is no news to us that motor-cycles are the worst offenders, and it is no news that the average silencing arrangements used on motor-cycles have not been changed for more than three years. All these years noisy motor-cycles have been breaking the law and annoying the public, and destroying the joy of life for thousands of people.

Motor-cycles come first on the list of unpleasant street noises with a total vote of 336, and motor-horns, aircraft, car exhausts, and lorries come next. Wireless loud-speakers and gramophones record 55 votes, street music 49, buses and pneumatic drills both 35, while dogs and milkcarts come at the end of the list with 26 and 22 votes.

CHOOSING THE BEST BOYS

Work For the Fit

The system of applying scientific tests to boys and girls seeking employment is used increasingly, and shows how necessary it is for the young to fit themselves for the battle of life.

Even applicants for humble jobs as van boys are in some cases put through tests.

According to the president of the Institute of Labour Management girls of 14 are more intelligent than boys of that age, and come through the tests more creditably.

In the case of a biscuit firm the applicants are tested by experiments with dummy biscuits; special tests are devised to suit various occupations; also there are examinations in elementary education and general knowledge.

The question naturally arises: what of those who are rejected? If we suppose the best firms to cream the labour market, the less gifted must be employed by somebody or drift into uselessness and pauperism.

A difficult question truly, in an unorganised society.

PEACE IN PRACTICE

The different sorts of Churches calling themselves Christian have so often belied the teachings of Christ, in whose name they were founded, that we are happy to tell of an instance where Protestants and Roman Catholics have acted in neighbourly harmony.

When the Roman Catholic Church of Mary Queen of Peace in Glendale, Missouri, U.S.A., was burned down not long ago the congregation of the Methodist Church suggested that their building might house the services until a new church could be built.

Father Collins the priest and Mr Ridpath the Methodist minister discussed ways and means, and arranged for the Methodist Church to be free for Roman Catholic Masses from 6 until 10.45 every Sunday, while the Methodists held their services from eleven o'clock.

THE FORBIDDEN PEN

The authorities of Canton are forbidding students to use pens to the exclusion of the ancestral brush.

The characters in Chinese writing are meant for brush-work, and the new fashion of using a pen is not to be tolerated. The pen may only be used in writing in a foreign language.

MOSCOW'S UNDERGROUND

Its Boy and Girl Workers

Children are certainly given every opportunity in Russia to take an active part in progressive movements. Thousands of them are now at work on Moscow's new Underground.

As we have mentioned before, this will be Russia's first Underground Railway, and very badly it is needed, for would-be passengers hang on to the backs and sides of Moscow's trams like flies, clinging for dear life. So such a railway Moscow must have, and 25,500 workers are busy on it, several thousand young girls among them.

In addition to these young enthusiasts, who obtained permission from school, factory, or office before being transferred to work in the depths of the earth, many young folk have given up their free day from other duties to help things along.

The line, begun in the autumn of 1932, is planned to see its first part completed by November. Owing to various causes, including the narrowness of the streets and the varied and frequently difficult nature of the subsoil, part of the Underground is not really under the ground at all, but adopts the method of open construction.

MORE WORK TO DO

Harnessing the Orange River

South Africa is giving a fine lead to the less developed countries of the world.

Thousands of unemployed are to be settled on the land to carry out important irrigation schemes, the first big national attempt to help agriculture by conserving and regulating rainfall.

One of the largest schemes, costing about four millions, is expected to provide land for 6000 settlers and work for 3000 white labourers. The Government is determined to prevent another disastrous drought, for during the last one millions of cattle and sheep perished.

Many of the schemes will be connected with harnessing the Orange River, the Nile of the south, which, like its Egyptian sister, leaves rich deposits of soil after floods.

BICYCLES BY POST

The Manufacturer With an Idea

Bicycles can now be sent by parcel post, thanks to a method thought out by a Birmingham manufacturer.

Many months of experiment have resulted in this firm planning a certain distribution of the bicycle's parts in packages which come within the Post Office regulations of weight and size.

Now a customer in a remote part of the world can have a bicycle delivered from the Birmingham factory straight to his home, dispensing with agents and collecting fees. The bicycle the postman will bring to the door will be in five parts, which we presume will be easily assembled from printed directions; with no fear of getting the handlebars fixed on to the back-wheel.

THE FACE QUACK AND THE EYE

Danger of Blindness

The modern pursuit of so-called beauty, upon which tens of millions a year are now spent by civilised people, has brought into existence a host of face quacks who sell for a pound what costs them a shilling.

Unfortunately many of the concoctions sold are harmful rubbish. The Journal of the American Medical Association has collected particulars of a number of sad cases in which girls and women have suffered from eye disease caused by chemicals, and the American Society for the Prevention of Blindness has interested itself in the matter.

DRIVING OR DIVING

All the Same To Volmar Halling

The valiant story comes from Sweden of Volmar Halling, a lorry-driver travelling with a load of cattle and pigs.

On his way he had to cross a piece of water which was frozen, and the ferryman told him it would be safe for him to drive his load. But halfway over the ice gave way, and lorry and occupants sank ten or twelve feet.

Halling had great difficulty in escaping from his driver's cabin, but he succeeded in getting out, swam to the surface, and climbed on to the ice. He found that some of the animals had got to the surface, but two cows were being held down by ropes tying them to the back of the lorry. The driver borrowed a knife, dived in again, reached the cows, cut the ropes, and brought the animals to the surface.

When all the animals were safe on shore Halling ran off to get a change of clothes, and went back to work as if nothing had happened.

THE GALLANT LITTLE TRAMP

Cheapest Form of Transport

While all British shipping has been in the doldrums since the war, the owners of tramp ships have been hit with special severity.

A liner is a vessel working on some definite trade route. A tramp is a vessel prepared to go anywhere and do any shipping job whatsoever; she must be ready to tramp with coal to Argentina and to tramp home again with wheat.

Sir Westcott Abell, the famous ship designer, knows of a tramp which can carry 8000 tons of cargo 7000 miles and burn only £300 worth of coal, £1 for 23 miles. This means a mile on less than a shillingworth of coal. It is the cheapest known form of transport.

Tramp shipping has been hit by the general curtailment of sea-going trade and by the subsidies paid by foreign nations to their shipowners; and tramp owners are petitioning the Government to help them through hard times.

MOSS UP IN THE CLOUDS

Who would expect to find moss in the clouds? Only an airman, perhaps, for he knows that everything is taking to flying these days.

The air is full of men and animals, fish and flowers, and now we even hear of moss, that symbol of inactivity, dashing through the clouds at a hundred miles an hour.

This moss, together with giant lichens, came from Uganda by air, so that a gorilla family group in our Natural History Museum should have a natural background.

Every bough of the forest where they live is hung with masses of moss and lichen, and some of these have been collected by Mr Reginald Alkroyd near his camp 10,000 feet up on the Barunga Mountains, where he once came upon a gorilla nest—a vacant one, luckily for him.

It is a great help to the museum authorities to have this vegetation sent by air so that they have a chance of examining it before it shrivels.

BOY SCOUTS AND LENIN'S WIDOW

The Soviets have their Boy Scouts, but they call them Red Pioneers.

It is notable that Mrs Lenin, widow of the great Bolshevik, bestows high praise on our Boy Scouts and declares that in some respects they are better trained and handled than the Red Pioneers. She thinks the Pioneers are overworked in performing social duties and that their officers are not so helpful and tactful as are those of the British Scouts.

THRIFT MOVEMENTS ARE DOING WELL

Last Year's Good News

It is astonishing to see how our Friendly Societies have weathered the Depression.

A hopeful sign of the times is that in 1933 they all kept up their strength, and that their capital increased.

It is good to know that we are becoming more thrifty. Last year the funds of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows reached over 22 millions, an increase of £437,700. An appeal was made for contributions to keep unemployed members in the society, and there was a generous response of nearly £4000.

The Ancient Order of Foresters has a surplus of £2,917,500, an increase of nearly £320,000. A much larger sum than usual is to be spent on extra benefits, and £150,000 is being used to help unemployed members.

Other societies, the Hearts of Oak, the National Deposit Friendly Society, the Order of Druids, and the Orders of Free Gardeners and of Ancient Shepherds have had successful years.

It is a cheering sign that there are more than a million members of the Independent Order of Rechabites, for one of the conditions of membership is to leave alcohol alone.

A CHANCE FOR A FREE CAMP

Four Places With the Pioneers

There are to be four free places this year at the summer camp of the League of Nations Pioneers.

This camp at Godshill in the New Forest is the jolliest place imaginable for young people to spend their holidays. Friendships are made round the camp fire with Pioneers from all over the world, who sing their songs and tell stories of many lands; while round the camp is splendid country for learning tracking in, and the Avon for bathing.

All this is free for a fortnight to the two boys and two girls who write the best essay of 500 words on "What my School might do to help the League of Nations."

Competitors should be not under 12 or over 16. They must state whether they are members of the L.N.P., or must enclose sixpence and ask for the membership badge. Name, age, home, and school addresses should be put at the top of each essay, which should reach the L.N.P., 15 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1, not later than February 21.

THE CO-OP

What They Make and What They Sell

Although the Cooperative Societies have made such progress in the distribution of commodities their work in production is relatively small.

The value of the aggregate output of all the producing societies, including the productive department of the distributive societies, was just under £75,000,000 in 1932, mainly accounted for by food and tobacco. The other chief items were: clothing nearly £8,000,000; building and woodwork £4,000,000; all these figures including the value of the materials used.

When we turn to distribution we get much bigger figures. In 1932 there were 1212 retail societies engaged in distribution, and they sold over £200,000,000 worth of goods.

Under the cooperative system, the members of these societies, who number 6,709,000, have returned to them periodically any balance arising from sales. In 1932 the retail societies returned to the members no less than £18,603,000, or an average of 1s 10d in the £.

HOLIDAYS AMID MOUNTAIN SNOW IN EUROPE AND AMERICA



In Switzerland—A winter holidaymaker enjoying an exhilarating ski run on the slopes above St Moritz.



In California—Sunshine is more familiar than snow in California, but the mountains provide splendid opportunities for ski-ing, as this picture shows.

THE FEAR DISEASE

LET IT GO

No Good Thing Can Be
Wrought With It About

WHAT YOU CAN DO

By the Archbishop of Canterbury

We think our readers will like to have on record to pass on into the world these wise words of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the cathedral, looking forward through this year.

Over the light of hope there has risen like a dark mist the spirit of fear.

Where fear dwells no good thing can be wrought. The first step toward recovery, security, and peace must be the conquest of fear. The conquest must be won in the field of the common heart and conscience of men. Therefore in the resolve to win it each citizen has his part to play.

The One Barrier

First, in his thoughts and above all in his talk, he can refuse to spread the spirit of fear. For it is an infectious disease, spread by the common talk of men. He who at this present critical time chatters idly about the next war and demands preparation for it is a germ of infection. To talk of war as inevitable may help to make it inevitable; for this is to spread the fear out of which war is born. Talk of this kind is surely treachery to the cause of peace. Let us each one refuse to indulge in it.

Secondly, we can each resolve to stand by the one existing public barrier against fear and the lawless forces which fear arouses. I mean, of course, the League of Nations. Its value is being questioned, its authority is being menaced by the defection of some of the nations. For this very reason the friends of peace everywhere must rally round it. This will be the test between lip service and loyalty. Like all institutions the League has made mistakes and is capable of reform. Constructive criticism may bring help; destructive criticism can only bring a widespread peril.

If the Clash Came

If the authority of the League were weakened, still more if it were itself dissolved, fear would reign unchecked. Europe would once again be divided into rival alliances piling up armaments against each other. Once again, as in 1914, there would be no power in being to prevent or even to delay the clash of arms. If the clash came would not the collapse of all we mean by civilisation come with it?

Let every citizen, and especially every Christian citizen, carry into the new year, which may be fateful for the world, the resolve to do his utmost to strengthen our own Government in making faith in the League, support of the League, action through the League, the basis of our national policy.

So shall we each in his measure take some place in the conquest of fear.

ENTERPRISE

How To Beat the Slump

We like the courageous enterprise of Courtaulds, the great British artificial silk firm.

They announce that they have decided to reduce prices and increase output.

How much better this is than the common policy of reducing output to increase prices!

Of course Courtaulds are right. Artificial silk is for the multitude. Everyone likes it and needs it, and everyone should be able to buy it. Good it is to think of the humblest men and women going in silk, even if the silk never knew the worm.

British artificial silk production is now beating the record, in spite of Japanese competition. The policy of big output and low prices will keep it there.

A NEW COUNTRY TAKES THE WRONG TURNING

Irak and Conscription

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE
BABY OF THE LEAGUE

We have little liking for the enthusiasm shown in the newly-elected Parliament of Irak in imposing conscription on all men between the ages of 19 and 21.

This article in the National Defence Law brought in by the new Prime Minister was not at all in accord with the spirit under which Irak was ruled under our Mandate, nor is it in keeping with the policy of the League of Nations, which welcomed the new State as its youngest member a few months ago.

Some observers fear that, instead of going forward and maintaining the standards of British justice and efficiency implanted during the 12 years of our administration, Irak is in danger of adopting the standards of backward Eastern peoples.

Irak had special difficulties last year, losing her King Feisal and being upset by the Assyrian problem, but the young King Ghazi is firmly on the throne and there are experienced patriotic statesmen in his new Government. Extreme nationalism, with every man a trained soldier, may prove a danger, and it is a danger which concerns us and our interests in Palestine and India.

TIBET'S NEW-BORN KING

One More Dalai Lama

Tibet's Dalai Lama lives again in the new Dalai Lama, who is a month-old babe.

In the hour when Nga-wong Lopsang Tug-den Gyatso passed on, having been Grand Lama sixty years, the child was born in the outskirts of the Sacred City of Lhasa.

No child of noble birth is he. Only by the hour of his birth is his lordship recognised, and the Priests of the Sacred City, satisfied that he is the reincarnation of the Lama who passed away, bow down before him. He becomes the fourteenth Grand Lama, on whom descends the mantle worn by his long line of predecessors who were, like him, the reincarnation of Buddha.

AMERICA TAKING OVER ITS GOLD

President Roosevelt has taken the most daring step in finance ever attempted in any nation.

He has asked for a law entitling the Government to take over all gold used for the purposes of money in America. He has also asked for powers to stabilise the exchange value of the dollar at a little over one-half of its former level on the gold standard.

The Government will thus reap for itself all the profits that will accrue from the new value of gold in relation to the dollar. It is, of course, only right that a Government should benefit by a rise in the value of gold which is due to its own action.

Mr Roosevelt proposes to establish a fund of 2000 million dollars to enable his Government to regulate foreign exchange transactions and to support its bonds in the money market.

VAN DER LUBBE

The end of the Reichstag Fire has added one more to the tragic chapters of human government.

By the judicial murder of the half-witted Dutchman, Marinus Van Der Lubbe, Germany has added one more stain to her name.

This cruel act reflected on all the rulers of Germany, for President Von Hindenburg could have reprieved him and declined to do so. He must have known, as the judges knew, that it is contrary to civilised custom to punish a man for a crime under a law made after the crime had been committed.

THE FLOWER GIRL OF THE ARCTIC

Blooms From the
Frozen Sea

What climber scaling an Alpine peak to seek the edelweiss among the snows can compare in courage and resolution with Miss Hutchinson, who scours the Arctic Circle in search of flowers for Kew?

This young Scotswoman, who last year was seeking flowers in Greenland, found herself in the autumn near the northern shores of Hudson Bay. Winter overtook her as she was making her way by sea round Point Barrow in the hope of catching the last steamer of the season to bring her home.

She missed it, and was frozen in. Nothing daunted, she secured a dog-team from the Eskimos, and set off by sledge for Herschel Island off the coast of Yukon. Her journey covered 350 miles of Arctic coastline, and more than once the thermometer sank to 70 below zero, but she arrived safely, none the worse. And she brought her flowers with her; we may see them this year at Kew Gardens. See World Map

THE ANCIENT SAGE

Europe's Oldest Doctor

The New Year was still young in Northern Italy when the old doctor who had seen 107 New Year dawns closed his eyes to open them no more.

Old Doctor Giovanni Gortani was looked on with pride in the province where Venice and Ravenna are proud monuments of antiquity as one of its ancient and honoured relics. It was claimed for him that he was the oldest doctor in Europe.

The fine old gentleman was also proud of it, and when a journalist on his hundredth birthday told him a Paris doctor claimed to be older he indignantly denied it. Till he was ninety he went on working, and in the war the lively little man with the white beard was as familiar and welcome a figure in the wards of a hospital as he had been in many a cottage home.

In the district of Aquileia, where he lived and died, malaria is still common and exacts a yearly toll of lives. He had become a specialist in its treatment. But he was the present help in trouble of many a sufferer from lesser ills before Garibaldi had made a United Italy.

THE HUMAN BENCH

We like the three magistrates of Kingston Juvenile Court who held a special sitting at 6.15 so that a boy's father could attend without the risk of losing his job.

He had been out of work for some time, and it would have made a bad impression if he had asked at once for a morning off.

So the magistrates, throwing red tape to the winds, held a special court at a time convenient to the father. The boy was found guilty of shoplifting, and was placed on probation for two years, with his father as surety. Now we hope the father's luck has turned; steady work and a steady son for the future.

A BIG BIBLE GOING HOME

There is something of an export in Bibles from this country to South Africa, not the small Bibles of the pew but those large Family Bibles of Grandfather's time in which the Family Tree is neatly written on the flyleaf.

The Bibles are part of the trophies brought home by our soldiers after the war against the Boers at the beginning of this century, and their owners are returning them as an act of restitution.

His great Bible was the most treasured of the possessions of the Dutch farmer. It was a very large volume, and one of those now being returned is over two feet long and proportionately deep.

LIGHTSHIPS BREAK LOOSE

Rocks and Waves
and Wind

WHEN THREE-TON ANCHORS
FAIL TO HOLD

The breaking loose of the French lightships at Sandettié and Gravelines during fierce gales reminds us what a debt of gratitude we owe to the crews who man these lightships round rocky shores.

Being in a lightship is obviously a harder case than that of a lighthouse-keeper. Lightships are placed where their lights are of most use, which generally means that they are in the most exposed and perilous spots. The crews are moored through the fiercest storms in their tossing iron hulls, which tug and tear at the three-ton mushroom-shaped anchors.

Where Mooring is Difficult

Yet it is surprisingly seldom that a lightship breaks loose even in the fiercest gale. The worst recorded occasion was in the great gale of December 1849, when no fewer than four of the most important lightships broke loose, and for several nights their lights were out. In 1914 the South Goodwin lightship broke loose and was missing for three days until found off the Flemish coast. This vessel is stationed where mooring is difficult, and it has broken loose three times in four years. Another Goodwin lightship, the Gull, was rammed and sunk in a fog by a liner in 1929.

A lightship's crew consists of eleven men, three going ashore in rotation. The master has alternate months aloft and ashore, but the men spend two months at sea to one on shore.

Mails and Provisions

Sometimes the weather is too rough for the relief ship to take them off, and their time aloft is then lengthened considerably. There is also the question of delivering mails and provisions to the crew, who in bad weather may be marooned for days. When the men get ashore they are allowed a few days off, after which they return to work in the yards, painting buoys, cleaning mooring-chains, and handling stores.

The oldest British lightship is the Nore, which was established in 1732. Now there are sixty odd light vessels around our coasts flashing out their various warnings to passing ships.

The other day we came upon a rector who was feeling a little strange in a Sussex village after nearly a lifetime on the lightships, for which he had his own launch to take him to his tiny scattered congregations.

THIRTY MEN ON A MAGIC CARPET

Across 2000 Miles of the
Pacific in a Day

Thirty men left San Francisco, one afternoon and landed at Honolulu, 2100 miles across the Pacific, the next day.

Needless to say, their magic carpet was the aeroplane, six seaplanes, in fact. They flew non-stop, and their flight was the longest ever accomplished by a group of aeroplanes flying in formation. Even during the wonderful journey of Balbo's Italian armada no section exceeded 2000 miles. During the flight of the American planes, led by Lieutenant McGinnis, the machines kept in touch with one another by wireless, and even when one of the six was lost in fog the wireless link still held it to the main formation.

The flight of 2100 nautical miles was accomplished in a few minutes more than 24 hours, an average of about 90 miles an hour. The nautical mile is about a seventh more than a land mile, so that the speed was actually over a hundred miles an hour.

A BITE OUT OF THE MOON

NEXT WEEK'S ECLIPSE

What We May See if the Sky is Clear

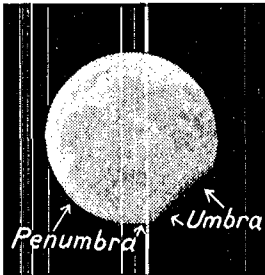
THE PASSING OF VENUS

By the O.N. Astronomer

Next Tuesday, January 30, a small portion of the Moon will pass into the Earth's shadow and appear eclipsed.

The Moon will be at the Full, and when she rises in the East, soon after half-past four, it will be seen that a small bite will appear to have been taken out of the lower portion of the right or west side of the lunar disc.

At the time the Moon rises the eclipsed area will amount to barely a tenth of the diameter of the disc; as she will pass out of the dark shadow, the umbra, at about 24 minutes past 5, very little of the eclipse will be seen if the usual haze is present near the horizon. But a slight duski-



The partial eclipse of the Moon

ness called the penumbra will linger over the lower right side of the Moon's face for another couple of hours or so; during this time the sky will have become darker, and the Moon, of course, will have risen higher in the sky.

This penumbral shade, which continues with decreasing intensity, is produced by the Earth only partly hiding the Sun from the Moon's surface in those regions, whereas the area covered by the umbra represents that part of the Moon from which the sunlight is completely hidden and a total eclipse of the Sun is taking place, as seen from that part of the lunar surface.

This will be a disappointing year for eclipses as seen from this country, though another partial eclipse of the Moon will occur on July 26. The two eclipses of the Sun, on February 13 and August 10, will be visible only from another more favoured side of the Earth.

Venus has now passed from general observation as an evening star, appearing too near the Sun, though her fast-diminishing crescent is still perceptible with telescopic aid. During next week Venus gets more and more between us and the Sun; at present she is about seven degrees, that is, nearly 14 times the Sun's apparent width, to the left of him and at a much higher altitude.

Above the Sun

By February 5, when Venus will be at what is called inferior conjunction with the Sun, she will appear to pass above him at a distance of about twelve times the Sun's apparent width, but of course will be quite invisible to the naked eye. It is, however, possible that Venus may be perceptible through well-equipped astronomical telescopes because of the high inclination of her orbit relative to that of the Earth just at present.

This will cause Venus to appear so high above the Sun that a crescent of sunlight will be presented at the lower edge of her dark and otherwise invisible disc. As it only rarely happens that our world and Venus are in these relative positions it is most unusual for Venus to be perceptible when passing between the Earth and the Sun, an event which occurs at intervals of 584 days.

Venus will also be exceptionally near to the Earth on this occasion and only about 24 and a half million miles away. Afterwards she will travel to the right of the Sun; and in about three weeks time may be seen low down in the eastern sky before sunrise. Soon after she will become a brilliant object of the early morning sky.

G. F. M.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

January 25

BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr

A ploughman who, in foul and fair, Sings at his task

So clear, we know not if it is

The laverock's song we hear, or his, Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields A more ethereal harvest yields

Than sheaves of grain;

Songs flush with purple bloom the rye; The plover's call, the curlew's cry,

Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed

Beside the stream

Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass

And heather, where his footsteps pass, The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines The darkness of lone cottage rooms;

He feels the force,

The treacherous undertow and stress, Of wayward passions, and no less

The keen remorse.

But still the music of his song

Rises o'er all elate and strong;

Its master-chords

Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood, Its discords but an interlude

Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave

Unfinished what he might achieve!

Yet better sure

Is this, than wandering up and down

An old man in a country town,

Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land

As an immortal youth; his hand

Guides every plough;

He sits beside each ingle-nook,

His voice is in each rushing brook,

Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room tonight,

A form of mingled mist and light

From that far coast.

Welcome beneath this roof of mine!

Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,

Dear guest and ghost! Longfellow

THE COAL WORLD

Amazing Drop in Output

A world largely out of action has been neglecting its precious fuel.

In 1929 the world produced 1328 million tons of coal; in 1932 it produced 944 millions, a fall of nearly a third. We have not figures for 1933, but some little recovery is now proceeding.

The British output between 1929 and 1932 fell from 262 to 213 million tons, or by 19 per cent.

The control of output by quota seems to have helped the coal industry in very hard times, but when will international accord once more set free the world's fuel to do its beneficent work?

WORK FOR 21 SUNDAYS

The enormous viaduct supporting Manchester's London Road Station is being reconstructed, but as this work can only be done on Sunday it will take 21 Sundays to finish it.

Not the least part of this difficult undertaking is the network of wires, pipes, and mains which lie under the station. These will have to be broken and rejoined in time for normal working each Monday.

THE STORMS OF BARNSTAPLE

How They Trouble the Zoo

WHY THE IGUANA IS HUNGRY

The Zoo's crested iguana, of whose strange habits on the shores of the Galapagos Islands Charles Darwin wrote so vividly in his Voyage of the Beagle, is fasting again.

In his native islands he feeds on special kinds of algae growing between tide marks. When he first came to this country he sighed for the fleshpots of the Pacific (if one may use that expression of a vegetarian reptile), and refused to eat for nine weeks. Then his keepers, who had been searching our shores for a suitable food, tempted him with a rare seaweed from Barnstaple.

The iguana was happy. He stretched to his full length of four feet and set his curved spines quivering from the tip of his tail to the crest of his head. But, alas! winter storms played havoc with the coast of Barnstaple, tearing the algae from their rocks. Accordingly Charles Darwin's scaly friend must go hungry for a while or be a little less particular about his diet.

THE L.T.B. MEN

London Has a New Button

The London Transport Board has now its own button, which will be put on thousands of uniforms in a month or two.

Then London will be swarming with griffins, and the Loch Ness monster will become almost insignificant, for Mr Harold Stabler, to whom we already owe the rabbit on the radiators of country-going buses, has decided that the L.T.B.'s symbolical animal shall be the griffin, and there it is on the button, a first cousin to the griffin from the City of London arms which rears its head at Temple Bar outside the Law Courts.

A year or two ago we might have suggested the tortoise as the best animal for London Transport, but traffic has been speeded up since then, and we like to think that the griffin, which can swim, run, and fly, may come to be truly symbolical of this Board which is going to move us all more quickly (and will, we hope, in time put the numbers on the buses where everybody can see them).

GOODBYE TO A SHOP

London is to say goodbye to a jolly old gentleman, Mr Walter Bedford of Bell Yard, off Gracechurch Street.

For 200 years he and his ancestors have lived and traded in the same ancient house, built not long after the Great Fire. Now a bank, which has long wanted to take in the quaint old place for extensions, has made an offer, and Bedford's will soon be no more.

Gone will be that quaint shop window of Dutch William's day, in which modern groceries shared the space with forgotten commodities, sugar-loaves, tallow dips, and other household necessities of long ago, and gone will be the little showcase fixed outside, to contain the Roman and other relics dug up from time to time by workmen on repair jobs.

A NEW METAL LIKE GOLD

Mr G. B. Brook, chief chemist at the laboratory of the British Aluminium Company, Kinlochleven, has produced a new metal which is a secret blend of aluminium and copper.

It will be known as aural, and is said to be like gold in appearance and harder than steel. It can be produced at a cost of three-halfpence an ounce.

Arrangements are being made for the production of the new metal at Kinlochleven, and it is hoped that this fresh enterprise will remove the depression existing in the aluminium industry.



It's Benger time when it's time to wean your baby. When weaning time comes, give Benger's Food during the transition stage from the breast to ordinary food.



Regd. TRADE MARK.

Post Free. Benger's Booklet, a Concise Guide to the rearing of Infants, from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works Manchester.



By Appointment

THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighteen of the loveliest biscuits to choose from at tea time! Ask mummy to buy you some.



7d PER HALF POUND

Emblem Assorted Biscuits

Made only by

CARR'S of CARLISLE

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NEW LIFE IN THE OLD DESERTS

By Motor To Bagdad

TWO GREAT ROADS ALONG THE CAMEL TRACKS

For centuries the camel has been the chief form of transport across the deserts of Syria, but during the last ten years two motor-roads have linked ports on the Mediterranean with Bagdad and other cities of Mesopotamia.

For centuries the caravans have crossed the desert at the narrowest possible point, travelling anxiously from well to well; but now speeding motors, independent of the wells, take an almost straight road across, and the caravan route is being deserted.

Leaving Damascus in the early morning, cars can reach Rutbah, halfway to Bagdad, before dusk. Rutbah was once a little oasis in the desert, but now has hotels and garages, so that motorists can stop for a few hours or for the night. The next stop is at Ramadi, 200 miles farther on. After the Customs barrier here is passed it is only an easy two hours to Bagdad. The whole journey can be done in 24 hours, the first long stretch being over hard ground where cars can travel at great speed. A new coach for 32 passengers, said to be the largest in the world, is expected to do the trip from Damascus to Bagdad in 18 hours.

The other motor-road starts more to the south, from Amman, through Azrak, where it is joined by a branch from the new port of Haifa. Then the track runs up to meet the first road at Rutbah, but this lower route is less pleasant to travel, being extremely dusty.

The wise men of the 20th century have indeed brought great wealth across the desert, not only to Palestine and Persia but to all who take advantage of these quicker trade routes.

A GEM FOR EXETER

Richard Bampfylde's House Goes On

For saving what is said to be the finest sixteenth-century house in existence west of Salisbury (except the Red House at Bristol) the West of England should say Thank you to Mr A. G. Guest.

He has let Exeter buy Bampfylde House for a nominal sum. No doubt he could have sold it for a small fortune, and then it would probably have been taken to bits, numbered, and shipped overseas.

Richard Bampfylde built this house in Exeter when William Shakespeare was a rising man. It is just a little older than Romeo and Juliet or Hamlet.

And how well Richard built! It is not so surprising, perhaps, that his three beautiful plaster ceilings are still as he saw them, or that the stained-glass windows he brought from an older house still glow like jewels, but it is startling to find that his square rainwater gutters have defied the years and the weather and are still in use.

The house has always been loved and lived in. Since George Bampfylde made some small alterations in 1724 it has hardly been touched.

WHY A SHIP IS WHITE

We have all seen and admired, either in picture or in fact, the magnificent white luxury liner Empress of Britain. There is a reason for the whiteness of the vessel.

Experiments have proved that a white exterior reduces by about 15 per cent the interior temperature of a ship.

The Empress of Britain is, of course, run by the Canadian Pacific, but it is interesting to note that its great rival in the Dominion, the Canadian National, has now had all its steamships serving in tropical waters painted white.

SEVEN REINDEER

A Motor Ride From Sweden To the Pyrenees

Seven reindeer have left Sweden to found a new home in a foreign land.

They are in charge of two Swedish gentlemen and a Lapp, who have undertaken the task of shepherding them to their destination as well as staying with them until the experiment is brought to a finish.

The goal which the little caravan has set out to reach is distant enough, being situated in the French Pyrenees. It seems that reindeer used to live here in olden days, and this experiment is to try to get them to settle down and multiply.

Once before the trial was made, but without success, chiefly owing to unsuitable modes of conveyance. That time the little company of pioneers went by boat and train. Now they travel in a motor-wagon, and will stop for long intervals on the way. It is expected that it will be summer before they reach Switzerland, and it will be there, among the eternal snows, that they will spend the whole of the warm season before going on.

How surprised they will be at the dark, starlit summer nights instead of the silvery twilight they are used to!

THE SPIRIT OF ST FRANCIS

St Francis called birds and beasts his brothers, and we have just heard of two policemen who seem to feel as if he did, for they have risked much for a dog and a bird.

In Glasgow a policeman went into a burning house to save a canary. In Barnet Police-Sergeant Riches plunged into an icy pond and swam to the rescue of a dog which had scrambled on to an island and was afraid to leave it.

LONDON'S WHALES

Change of Address For Our Greatest Inhabitants

BIG MOVE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

The whales of South Kensington are to have a new home.

They are being moved to a larger and more cheerful building not far from the present whale museum, and scientists will rejoice in having plenty of space to examine the sixty skeletons, casts, and models which have been kept in too cramped quarters. It has never before been possible properly to examine some of the most interesting specimens.

Most of the skeletons, which are too large to go through the door, are taken to pieces, and to make a passage big enough for the biggest specimens the end of the gallery will have to be dismantled and the bones carried through and taken down Queen's Gate to their new resting-place.

At last there will be room for the museum's biggest skeleton, a huge blue whale over 80 feet long. It will be hung from the ceiling above the others. Although it has belonged to the museum for more than 40 years it was too cumbersome to be exhibited.

As soon as it has been strung up the bones of the other whales will be laid in groups on the floor. There are so many of them that it will be difficult to prevent them from being mixed. In the three main specimens there are over 400 bones, very brittle and many of great weight. The head of one of the sperm whales weighs five tons. Through a trap door huge jawbones over twenty feet long will be lifted by hoisting gear into the main hall, which has a gallery from which visitors will be able to look down.

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over (sealing up ends by turning them in). Bake
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THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 48 The First!

EXCEPT that his fists were clenched and his muscles braced, Paul showed few signs of anything out of the common. Single-handed he had appeared to play a bold game in which he must seem the master of the situation. Whatever he did, he must keep very cool, very steady.

He was here to bluff Chavis.

This bold stroke had flashed on Paul's mind when, watching through his spy-hole that afternoon, he had seen how Chavis changed colour and trembled at the strange noise. The man was a coward. Very well, he would play on that cowardice. He would both upset and reduce the enemies' forces if he could only succeed in frightening Chavis away.

"Well, Goldridge," he said.

Chavis gave a great start.

"You can see for yourself," Paul continued, speaking very slowly, "that your nice little plan to murder me didn't come off. So you can see for yourself, too, with half an eye, that your game's up. People hang for murder. Oh, that they do, Goldridge. And attempted murder isn't a nice charge to face. Especially for an ex-convict, Goldridge. Or is it—?"

There was just an instant while it all hung on a hair, while Chavis, with a face like a maddened wild beast's, very nearly sprang in a frenzy of fury at Paul. Then that instant passed. His fears closed around him. He had not been afraid of attacking an old woman, as Fyn had recounted, but this was a strong, vigorous lad.

He was cowering in his chair. He was sweating with terror. Aye, the game was up with a vengeance, as the lad said. They had even unearthed his actual name and identity; they weren't after Isaac Chavis, they were after Isaac Goldridge, ex-convict, notorious criminal, ticket-of-leave man.

In that torturing instant toad Chavis knew uttermost bitterness. All his rosy dreams of ten minutes ago had departed. They had deserted him as startled birds rise from a furrow. He had no thought left, except to save his own skin.

He came staggering out of his chair, and he clawed at Paul's wrist. "Let me go!" he breathed. "Let me go!"

And Paul's heart ceased to hammer; he knew he had won.

"Let you go!" he answered coldly. "Why should I? I want to see you sent back to prison for trying to murder me. It shouldn't take the St Tregarthen police much longer to get here." But, as though off his guard, while he spoke he moved further from the door. And, as he had hoped, the terrified creature dashed past him.

Paul stayed where he was, and listened. He heard the man cranking his car. Then, darting to the window and lifting the blind, he saw the car rushing off with none of its lights showing.

"One," Paul said grimly.

CHAPTER 49

While the Iron Was Hot

ESTHER and Paul were talking in the lane below Friar's Cowl, scarcely twenty minutes after Chavis's flight, and Paul, it seems, was in remarkable spirits, a little beyond himself, perhaps, as a beginner at big-game shooting might be who has brought down a charging panther with his first barrel.

"And now," he whispered "for Slanning."

"Tonight!" she breathed, with a stare.

"Tonight. Of course. While the iron is hot," he explained. "We must stop Slanning from joining Trencher and Felix in the morning." He pondered for a moment. "Where's Fyn?" he demanded.

"He's watching the inn, as we settled." As they neared the inn Fyn glided out from the shadows. He was carrying a length of rope on one arm, and he raised his eyebrows to Paul, who nodded in answer. Then the pedlar jerked his thumb toward the inn. "He's there," he said cautiously.

Through a blind in a lower front window a bright light was shining. On they crept until they could see Slanning's shadow behind it, then crept back again at Paul's signal. "Not yet," he instructed.

And now began their vigil outside The Young Sailorman, with Seth's fabulous mariner groaning and creaking in the darkness, as he swung overhead, and wondered perhaps what they were up to. But his were the only eyes which saw their approach when at last the light in the room underneath him went out and a light appeared in the window immediately above him. And his ears were the only ears outside

except theirs, which presently heard the bolt being shot in the door, and the key in the side door being turned, ere Seth went up to bed.

The dead of night and silence enveloped the inn.

"Now, Fyn!"

Uncoiling his rope, Fyn gripped one end in his hand and cast the other end up in the air round Seth's loud-creaking sign. Down with a run came that other end, free to the ground, and, by knotting it fast to his own end, Fyn had looped that young mariner.

Then the pedlar passed Paul a torch, which Paul put in his pocket. And after testing the doubled rope Fyn held it steady, while Paul went shinning upward, hand over hand.

So it came to pass that, disturbed from a capital sleep by dreaming that somebody was opening his window, Mr Slanning sat up in bed to find that his dream had come true and the blinding light of a torch shining full in his eyes. The effect was so astonishing and so embarrassing, that, trying to shield his face with his hands, he spluttered: "Who are you?"

"Well, I'll tell you who I'm not," the answer flashed back from the patch of darkness behind the torch's white beam. "I'm not an artist. I don't pretend to paint pictures, though if I did I bet I'd paint them better than you. And I'm not on my way to Colombia with a Portuguese cut-throat. Now I wonder if you know who I am, Mr Slanning?"

Slanning knew so well that, grinding his teeth, he sprang out of bed and made a rush at the speaker. But a gentleman in his nightshirt, however accomplished, must be more or less handicapped in a rough-and-tumble, particularly with an unflinching ray bang in his eyes. So Paul tripped him easily, and he measured his length, hitting his head a mighty crack on the bed's leg.

He proceeded to groan.

"That's fine!" remarked Paul. "You'll stay where you are while I talk to you, and I jolly well hope that you've hurt yourself, Mr Benigon. Yes, we know all about you, you see, and about your plot with Trencher, whose name, by the way, was Sancroft once on a time. Now, you tell me this—before I call out for Seth Hambly."

"Tell you what?" muttered Slanning.

"Is Hambly's son Job all right? His work isn't a fake?"

"Hambly will tell you how happy he is. He writes home every week."

"Good!" said Paul. "Then, as that's so, I'll give you a chance, Slanning. Or, say the word, and I'll call out for Seth and my friends, who'll be only too glad to hand you to the police. Oh, yes, I've friends waiting outside," he emphasised heartily.

He was standing over the man. Slanning, whose head throbbed terribly, tried to prop himself up on one elbow, but the movement sent such a fierce shoot of pain through his temples that he collapsed again in a heap and moaned feebly for water.

"You don't deserve it," growled Paul.

"You showed me no mercy." But he fetched the water-bottle and let the man drink. "And now," he said, "make up your mind. Will you clear right away, or shall we keep you for the police?"

A man in his nightshirt with a cracked head and an evil conscience is hardly the fellow to nail his flag to the mast when the likeliest port in his bad ship's offing is a prison. So he took Paul's word, and surrendered.

Paul helped him to dress, then steered him down the back stairs and noiselessly unlocked the door into the yard, where Fyn was waiting to lend a hand, while Esther kept the drowsy watchdog appeased. Then, at her practical suggestion, they relieved the parting guest of two pounds to square the balance of his account with Seth Hambly. After this nice adjustment, and while he was still dazed and shaken, they tied his wrists and marched him between them as far as St Drinnen's Well, where they gave him directions how to find St Tregarthen.

CHAPTER 50

Trencher Loses More Than His Temper

YESTERDAY'S conference had severely taxed Felix Rim. He had slept badly in consequence, and this morning, after a much disturbed night, he came stepping into his sitting-room looking older and more frail than he had done of late. Yet as soon as he had seated himself at his small polished table, had drawn his ivory

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THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Continued from page 13

paper-knife nearer to hand, disposed his other trifling treasures around him, he sank back in his chair with a little sigh of contentment and a fluttering smile of pleasure parted his lips.

It faded as the door opened to admit Trencher.

"You're late, Rim!" he barked. "We've got a hard day before us."

"And my part?" said Felix Rim gently.

"You'll have your hands full with the letters we discussed yesterday. You'll write first to that gangmaster at Redruth to sound him about engaging our party of miners. But mind how you word it. You can tell him it's copper mining. Don't tell him more."

"No, I understand," said Felix. "And what are you three doing?"

"Chavis and Slanning will be along any minute now, when we shall go straight along and help ourselves to Porthgarra's boat from the beach."

"And may I ask why?" said Felix, in a sharper tone.

"To get out to The Three Chimneys," Trencher said curtly.

The old gentleman was frowning.

"The Three Chimneys!" he echoed. "And this morning? But you didn't mention that yesterday!"

"I didn't," snapped Trencher. "And there's no cause to look so suspicious. You needn't be afraid that we're going to cross you, Rim."

"Then why—"

"I'll tell you. It came to me hard in the night. What about those pieces of pitch-blende that Chavis left there?"

Then Felix's face changed colour.

"The fool left them there!" he gasped.

"It suited him to leave them there for the time, for the convenience of his comparisons," Trencher retorted. "Just as it suited him, and I don't blame the man for a moment, to leave some notes there of his experiments and analyses. But it doesn't suit me to let them stay there any longer."

"Why, no!" cried Felix. "Wherever did the man leave them?"

"Buried over with earth in a small iron box at the bottom of our trench. And each specimen tabbed with the depth from which it was taken."

"And his notes?"

"They are in the same box. In a water-proof tin."

"Well, they're light enough," said Felix. "That's one blessing, Trencher. You can very easily remove the whole lot in your pockets. But consider the risk you and Chavis have run! It appals me!"

This stung Trencher, who was busy at the bureau.

"There hasn't been any real risk," he roared over his shoulder, "and if I choose to remove them now, that's my business, Rim. Which of us is running this show? You or I?"

"Oh, cease, please," implored the old gentleman.

But Trencher's temper was up.

"Then don't be so fussy!" he shouted.

"Not a soul has been near your precious rock since we started our spadework. And if they had that iron box is well buried. So you needn't work yourself up so! Now, down you get to business, Rim. Carry on!" He set down the writing pad he had brought from the bureau.

Felix shrugged his shoulders wearily.

"Will you be long?" he asked.

"Till dusk. For while we're there we'll get on with the digging." Then Trencher fetched pen and ink and went muttering out of the room.

In a deep silence now Felix stayed with his papers in front of him. He had so much to write; so many details to settle; he was tired; that coarse creature's violence always so tired him. And that photograph of Caleb Trevese on the wall—it kept drawing his eyes. No, he must not think about Caleb, the friend who had trusted him. He had so much to do.

Then Felix stirred, and picked up his pen with a sigh. Ah, so much writing to be done to start such a ball rolling.

In the meantime Trencher had gone striding down to the gate. A strong sun was shining; a little wind moved in the bushes. He stood there for some minutes, shading his eyes with his hand, and impatiently watching the winding ascent for Chavis and Slanning. But, seeing no signs of them yet, he returned to the house. They were

late; but they wouldn't be very long now, he reflected.

He was coming out for the second time when the gate clicked, and he saw a man coming heavily up the path.

Trencher scowled in annoyance. If it wasn't that half-daft old pedlar with his ragged clothes and the raven's wing in his hat, and an elbow crooked in his basket of miserable rubbish. Aye, so. And there was his mongrel cack skulking behind him.

Trencher took some angry, threatening steps down the path.

"Off you go, you!" he bawled. "I told you the other day that we'd got nothing for you."

But the pedlar had set down his basket and was straightening his back. His puckered face was grey and famished for sleep. "Nay, master," he whined, "ye'll let me bide for a little. Tis a long road I've come. Ye'll let me rest for a while, master?"

"Not here!" bellowed Trencher.

"But tis mortal heavy my basket and I be this morning. Nigh as heavy as a man's sin afore he repents, master. Come, what'll 'ee buy?" He was stooping over his basket. "Here's the brush of a fox that was trapped at Hallowmas, master. Come! Buy it now, an' it won't be by drowning ye'll die."

With a furious roar Trencher started to push him away, and the pedlar retreated slowly, step by step backwards, his eyes claiming the other's and fastening them all the time. He had left his basket lying, but Trencher, had seized this and was swinging it to hurl after him from the gate. The dog retreated with his master.

And the little wind stirred in the bushes beside the gate. But the wind must have grown. For those bushes were more restless now than they had been when Trencher was waiting there, shading his eyes. He had reached them, fiercely intent on the man he was chivvying, when the dog leaped round and buried its teeth in his calf, at the same instant that the swaying bushes were parted and out from them sprang a figure which sprang on Trencher's back and, astride thus, forced a sudden sack over his head.

In such a flash it took place that even as Trencher was tottering, and, dropping Fyn's basket, exerted all his strength to dislodge the load on his shoulders, the sack had drawn tight on his face and the fingers gripping his throat were choking his breath.

"If I let you go will you give in, Trencher?"

The half-strangled man knew the voice. His ears filled with roaring, wheels drummed and clanked in his head; he was blinded by the sack, his heart was nigh bursting. But with all his enormous strength he fought viciously on. He fought till his strained, staggering legs were suddenly cut from underneath him.

He crashed on the gravel. The voice screamed: "Quick! Tie his legs, Fyn."

But this was no craven like Chavis, nor ferret like Slanning. This was a savage monster as strong as a bear. And before they could hold him he had dashed them aside, had got the sack off his head, and was on his feet again, facing them, gasping for breath.

It was Fyn who realised the full extent of their danger. Now that their sudden attack had failed they were at this brute's mercy. Right up to the man stepped Fyn, signing Paul to keep back.

"Will nothing warn ye?" the vagrant said very quietly. "Your friends have fled, for they've wiser heads than your own, master. Tis not once, nor twice, but three times that this lad's life has been snatched from ye. Is it in your stubborn mind that ye're stronger than Providence?"

Perhaps something in the mysterious vagrant's composure, or something in the solemnity of his utterance, went home to Trencher as nothing else might have done. His face blanched, and his bloodshot eyes trembled uncertainly. And thus for a moment he wavered; but then mastered himself and, brushing Fyn out of his way, he dashed through the gate. When they followed they could see that he made for the beach, where Michael Porthgarra's boat was lying alone on its side. He had pushed it down, scrambled aboard, and was pulling away with long strokes.

JACKO BRINGS THE RAIN DOWN

If there was one thing above all others that made Jacko really wild it was being kept indoors on a fine day.

So he wasn't too pleased when his mother told him she wanted him to mind the baby while she went shopping.

Jacko looked across at his father.

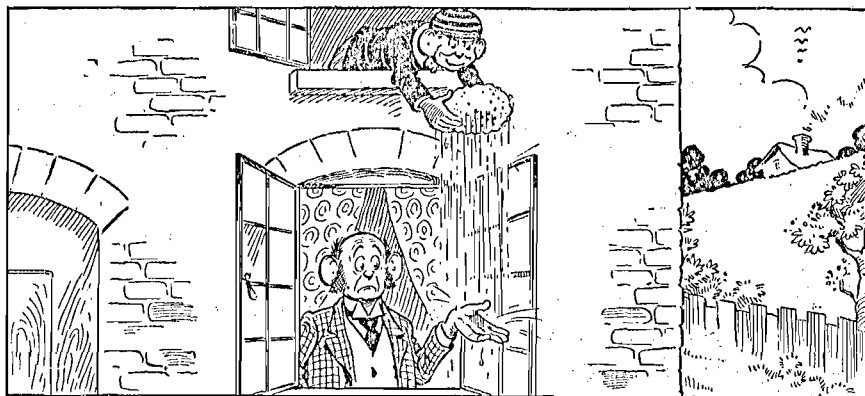
But it appeared that Father Jacko was

unless—Do you think it's going to rain?" he asked suddenly.

"No fear!" replied Chimp. "But what's that got to do with it?"

"Everything," growled Jacko. "If it rains Dad will be in; if it doesn't, I shall be."

Chimp pulled a long face.



"So it is," said Father Jacko, putting out his hand

going out too. "Unless it rains," he said. "For I'm not taking any risks with this cough on me."

Poor Father Jacko! He'd had that cough for weeks, and his wife was getting anxious about it.

"You're quite right, dear," she agreed; and then, as she caught sight of a familiar figure outside, she added, "I think that's Chimp in the garden. Now remember, Jacko, what I said."

But Jacko was halfway down the path.

His friend was in great spirits. "Come on!" he cried. "I've got a couple of tickets for the football match. Did you ever know such luck?"

"Lucky!" echoed Jacko. "It's all right for you, but I've got to mind Baby,

Suddenly Jacko slapped his knee, and, signalling to Chimp to lie low, he darted into the house and flew upstairs to the bathroom, where he proceeded to fill the big sponge with water and carry it to the window.

Presently Mother Jacko opened the kitchen door and called out, "It's raining, Father!"

"So it is," replied Father Jacko, throwing up the window and putting out his hand. "That settles it. I shan't go!"

Someone slid noiselessly down the banisters and darted across the hall.

"That's done the trick!" hissed a voice. And the next minute two small figures were running as fast as they could go to the football field.

CHAPTER 51

Home is the Hunter

WHEN they saw that the boat was heading for The Three Chimneys, and in what a state of frenzy Trencher was urging her, his pursuers, having no means of following at once, or divining his motive, could only watch from the beach in the blankest amazement.

But Trencher's purpose was fixed. No doubt remains now that he meant to possess himself of the valuable specimens of pitch-blende and the tin case containing the memoranda, hoping thereby to try to drive some sort of bargain with Paul.

On that clear day their naked eyes followed him easily. No big sea was running; perhaps better for him if it had been. For in heavier water the man might have used greater caution. But as it was, after rounding the lee of the Grimballs, he pulled recklessly and headlong into the channel, which was seething and raging as ever between the two giants. And that treacherous channel made mock of him. For first a fang of sunken rock gashed the boat's timbers, and next the swirl overturned her, then threw her up and tossed her hither and thither, while the helpless man went hurtling to his destruction.

"He's gone," said Paul, in an awed tone. His companion's gaze passed to the distance where sea and skies met. "Aye, he's gone," he said quietly. "The Three Chimneys have claimed him. Yon's the man who set himself up against Providence, laddie."

So a villain had got his deserts, and that was an end of him.

There was nothing more for the two to do on the beach; there was much remaining to be done at Carn Dolphin.

On their way they were joined by Esther, who had been waiting, and after consulting for a little while they decided to march straight in on Felix. So, leaving Farmer on guard, they entered the house.

They went upstairs quietly. The moment they entered the room they saw Felix sitting very still at his table. On a chair by his side lay his cloak and his black velvet hat, with his ebony stick and a light valise that he used.

Then they saw something else. There was a great deal of writing in front of him, and upon the papers a medicine glass overturned with the medicine dripping out of it on to the floor. With a little cry Paul darted forward and called to him.

But the old gentleman sat very quietly on. There was just the shadow of a smile on his lips.

It was only afterwards that they had mind to read all he had written. He had had so much writing to do, so much to set down, to start the ball rolling that should make restitution.

First that long, long document, inscribed My Confession, in a faint and tired writing, which left nothing out.

Next that second document headed Steps to be Taken, which stated the speediest means of attempting to rescue Paul, and of then restoring his rights.

Then many precise particulars of the research work.

And there was that curious letter to Mr Kirk, the lawyer in Falmouth.

"I have had more than enough of Trencher," Felix had written. "So, now that he and his fellow-rascals are gone for some time, I have recorded some facts of interest to you, Mr Kirk, and I shall slip away and bring them to Falmouth myself with this letter. But, as my presence while you read it might prove embarrassing to us both, I shall leave it all for you at your office, and proceed to London, where you will find me ready to be done what you will with. For I started life as a gentleman. Pray let me end like one."

But, though he had not foreseen it, Felix's race had been run. In the act of signing this letter his heart had stopped beating.

It was afterwards also that Esther turned one day to Paul, when they were talking many things over with Farmer and Fyn. "Paul," she said, "you remember that day at the wishing well?"

"At St Drinnen's? Of course I do."

"Well, what did you wish that day, Paul? That you'd have lots of money?"

Paul shook his head.

"No; something better," he answered.

"Something much better. Esther, I wished that life would give me real friends."

And his eyes travelled over the three.

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A fine packet of all different stamps containing **Manchukuo 1932**, a yen, pictorial; **French Indo China Air Mail**, unused; **Eritrea, 1930**, 2c. large pictorial; **Somali Coast**, Tunis, 1933, New Issue; **Turkey**, pictorial; **Brazil**, pictorial; **Nigeria**; **Portugal**; and **Ceylon**. Free to all asking to see my famous approval sheets and enclosing 2d. for postage (abroad 6d. P.O.). Albums 1/4, 2/6, 5/- and upwards.

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The "Vanbrugh Giant" Album (8 1/2 x 6 inches). Holds 2,700 stamps, and has 150 illustrations. It is beautifully bound in **STOUT PICTORIAL COVER**, and includes full index. It contains 3 special articles of interest to the collector, also a fine pictorial **ANDORRA VALLEY** stamp to go on the first page. Do not miss this great offer, which is absolutely **FREE** to all who request approvals and enclose 4d. stamp for postage and packing (abroad 1/-).

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(C.N.25), 42, Vanbrugh Hill, LONDON, S.E.3.

Remarkable Stereoscope Offer

to C.N. Readers

See Next Week's Issue

THE SAFE WAY TO WARD OFF COLDS and 'FLU



A drop on the handkerchief by day and on the pillow at night.

With colds so prevalent and so easily acquired, the simple precaution of using Vapex regularly during the Winter is wisdom indeed.

It is wonderfully effective in warding off the germs of colds and 'flu, and children like its fresh, pleasant aroma.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1 1/2 lb. 4/6, 3 lb. 9/-. High Grade. Excellent for Children's Garments, Socks, Jumpers, etc. Colours from 2/11; Rug Wools from 2/10 lb. post free. **SERGES** from 2/10 yd. in various colours, Tweeds, Flannels, Cottons, Tailoring, etc. *Patterns with pleasure.* **ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS.**

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ERASMIC PAINTING COMPETITION

PRIZES AWARDED DURING PAST TWO MONTHS—

A Book of Ships to:

Jack Taylor, Earlestown, Lancs.

A Purse to:

Ivy Southgate, Earlestown, S.W.18.
Ruth Simpson, Oxenhope, Nr. Keighley.
Margery Jackson, Ipswich.

A Box of Water Colours to:

Gertie Mountain, South Shields.
Ethel Millard, Strood, Kent.
Felix Davies, Bathgate.
A. Duncan, South Shields.
Wm. J. Shipley, Driffield.
Barbara Jones, Cannock, Staffs.

A Wonder Book of Aeroplanes to:

Ronald Hanley, Northfield.
Dennis Hinton, Mitchen Junction.

A Doll to:

Shirley Cowell, Southwick-on-Wear.
Brenda Lord, Ware, Herts.
Cynthia D. Dumbreck, Walton, Liverpool.
Joan Aldley, Northwich, Ches.

A Fountain Pen to:

John Wilcs, Driffield.

A Scout's Knife to:

Ronald Collier, Orford, Warrington.
Harold Barnes, Brooklands, Ches.
Hugh Morris Williams, Bardsey Island.
Deborah Jones, Stokefleming, S. Devon.

ERC 13-129

Arthur Mee's
HEROES
Sixpence every Friday

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 27, 1934

Arthur Mee's
HEROES
Sixpence every Friday

THE BRAN TUB

Good and Bad

A DEALER sold a gross of eggs. Later he was told that a large number of them were bad, so he offered to replace them. He found that he had to send a number equal to half the good ones in the original consignment plus ten and a half. How many bad ones were there? *Answer next week*

Ici On Parle Français



Les rênes Les roseaux La chambre
reins reeds room

On conduit le cheval par les rênes. Les roseaux croissent dans l'eau. Il n'y a personne dans la chambre.

Do You Know Me?

OFt sought in the country, much prized in the town; Like a king, above all, I can boast of a crown; I'm seen in most colours, am brown, black, or white, Blue, green, grey, or red; and when good, I am light; In demand with both sexes, selected with care, I'm prized by most men and add grace to the fair; Of no use to my owner while kept in his sight, Sometimes he may need me from morning to night. *Answer next week*

Soft Water For Engines

JUST as more gas is needed to boil a furred kettle than a clean one, so more coal has to be used to raise steam on a furred railway engine than an unfurred one. Soft water is the cure for the evil, and there are now 77 water-softening plants in operation on the railways. A large plant has a capacity of 40,000 gallons an hour.

Antarctic Expedition Stamp

THE United States Post Office has just issued a special 3-cent postage stamp commemorating the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. The postage stamp shows a globe of the world, and on it are marked Admiral Byrd's expeditions to Little America, his North Pole flight in 1926, and his flight across the Atlantic in 1927.



Next Week in the Countryside
THE yellow wagtail appears. The woodlark and the chaffinch are heard singing. The small tortoiseshell butterfly is seen on the wing. The dor beetle appears. The ivy casts its leaves. The crocus is in blossom.

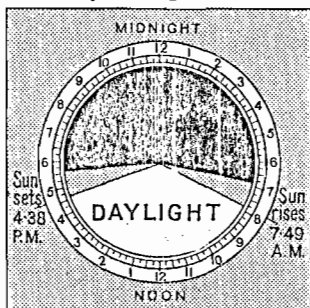
Tangled Fruits

BELOW are the tangled names of eight well-known fruits. Can you solve them?

NO GEAR
RIOT CAP
PEEP IN PAL
OGRES ROB YE
TEN IN RACE
FIGURE TRAP
CRAB CANT LURK
A GERMAN POET

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on January 27. The daylight gets longer each day.

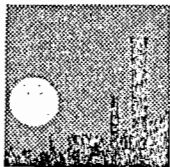
The Hole in the Hand

IF you tell someone that he has a hole in his hand he probably will not believe you and demand that you should prove it. A little optical illusion, however, will make him seem to see a hole in his hand. All you have to do is to roll up a sheet of paper like a tube and tell your friend to look through it with one eye as if it were a telescope, only he must keep both eyes open. Now make him place the

hand which is not holding the tube against the same side of the roll as the free eye. Your friend will see what looks like a hole in his hand.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus, Saturn, and Mars are in the



South-West, and Uranus is in the South. In the morning Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon at 7 p.m.

on Tuesday, January 30.

Geographical Acrostic

BELOW are the clues to six names on the map of the world. The initials spell the name of a European country and the initials that of its capital.

A Swiss city.
A town in Morocco.
A city in Scotland.
A North American lake.
A Chinese city.
A river in Iraq. *Answer next week*

Doing the Impossible

CAN you throw a halfpenny up into the air so that it will not come down any more?

This sounds like an impossible task, but actually you cannot fail to do it. If you throw up a halfpenny it will not come down any more—than a halfpenny.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Fast and Slow Trains. 35 miles.

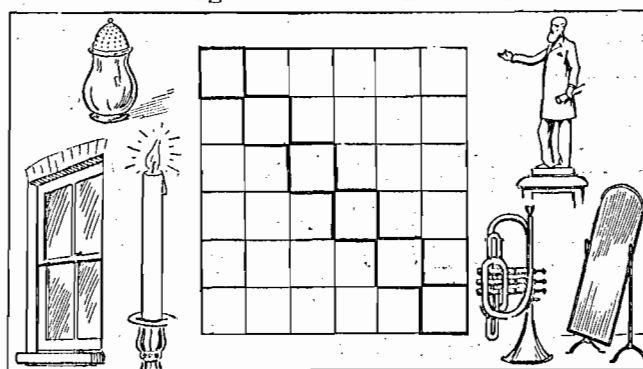
What Am I? Shadow

Numbered Letters. NEWCASTLE (Tale, new, waste, neat, last).

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

S	C	R	A	P	I	D	E	A	S	D	O	E
P	A	N	A	C	R	I	D	S	E	A	L	
E	M	T	I	L	E	R	C	E	N	T	R	E
C	M	E	D	E	E	R	R	D	E	E	P	
T	R	E	E	A	R	C	A	P	E	D	H	
R	A	T	T	A	N	T	E	P	I	D	M	A
A	R	H	S	T	O	K	E	N	B	A	N	
L	E	E	S	H	O	R	E	E	V	E	N	T

A Diagonal Acrostic in Pictures



FIND the name of the objects illustrated and write them in the squares in such order that the diagonal word indicated by thick lines spells the present time. *Answer next week*

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

WHEN Lena and Edie went to see their grandfather off at the station he gave them each a shilling.

"Can we spend it on the way home?" cried Edie.

"Just when you like," smiled Grandpa.

So as soon as the train had disappeared they raced to Mrs Taylor's shop window. Lena soon decided. "I'm going to buy the canary that sings when you wind it up," she said.

"I don't know what to get," sighed Edie. "I'd like that tea-set, and I'd love that black doll—and, Lena, do look at that dear little doll's piano!"

"Well, let's go in and get mine," said Lena, "and you can look round."

Both Mr and Mrs Taylor were in the shop. While Lena bought her canary Edie put her shilling on the counter for



"Let's go in," said Lena

safety, and examined the skipping ropes and balls and hoops and tried to decide which she wanted most.

"Are you ready, Edie?"

Lena asked. "I've got mine."

She was hugging her yellow singing canary.

"Everything's so lovely," sighed Edie. And even with Mr Taylor's help it was quite a long time before she decided on the doll's piano.

"You didn't give me your shilling, Missie," Mr Taylor said, as they went out.

"I put it on the counter when we came in," said Edie, looking anxious.

But it was nowhere on the counter; and kind Mr Taylor went on his hands and knees to hunt on the floor.

"I think you must have it in your pocket," he suggested. But Edie hadn't a pocket.

"Do you think you dropped it?" inquired Lena.

"No," said poor Edie tearfully. "I know I put it on the

Dr MERRYMAN

A Disagreement

SNIP: If my guv'nor doesn't take back what he said I shall leave.

Snap: What did he say, then?

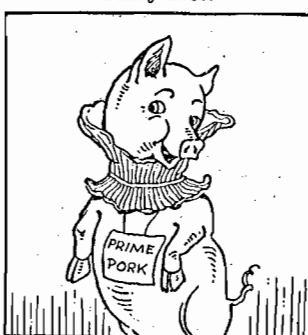
Snip: You're sacked!

Why?

SAMBO was taking a quick cut home across the frozen river when he slipped and fell down heavily.

As he picked himself up slowly he was heard to murmur: "I could nebbber un'erstand why, when water freezes, it should freeze slippery side up."

Fancy Dress



DON'T you think I am wise in my choice of disguise? With a frill of this size You can but surmise That I'll win the First Prize.

Try This

THEY were listening with rapt attention to the opera broadcast when it was noticed that the fire needed attention. Father reached for the poker.

"How can I poke the fire without interrupting the music?" he whispered.

"Between the bars, Daddy," said Jack.

Contradictory

BLACK: What a curious contradiction is the life of our old friend Green.

White: Do you mean Green the traveller?—How?

Black: Why, he's in the stationery business yet he's always on the move!

His Private Opinion

IT was obvious that at least one of his listeners did not believe all that the man on the kerb said of his patent medicine.

"Do you mean to say I'm not telling the truth?" demanded the medicine man.

"No, sir," replied the man in the crowd; "I keep my thoughts to myself."

GRANDPA'S SHILLINGS

counter—so that I shouldn't lose it," she explained.

Mr Taylor opened the door behind the counter and called to his wife, who had gone out of the shop.

"Shilling?" said Mrs Taylor. "I picked up a shilling I took out of the till to pay the milkman. That's the only shilling I've seen. Why, dearie me!" she exclaimed, pulling her hand out of her dress, "here it is still in my pocket! I must have paid the milkman with your shilling, Miss Edie, by mistake!"

So Edie's face grew happy again, and the little girls raced home to tell their mother what they had bought with Grandpa's shillings.

The best HEADMASTER



to school your hair!

You wouldn't expect to "get on" if your clothes were in rags and tatters . . . It's just as important to have a tidy head. And there's nothing like Anzora for dressing your hair. One touch first thing in the morning keeps it neat all day.

Anzora Cream for greasy hair, Anzora Viola for dry hair in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 bottles. Anzora Brilliantine in 1/- bottles for those whose hair is very dry. Obtainable at all Chemists and Hairdressers.

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